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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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THE ROYAL VISIT.—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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24th MAY, 1890.



Mr. Johnston, of Blackrock, Dublin, recently wrote to the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, President of the British Board of Agriculture, stating that he had discovered a remedy for pleuro-pneumonia, and asking that a certain number of diseased animals should be placed at his disposal for experiment. Mr. Johnston also offered to place his remedy entirely at the service of the Board, in case his tests should prove successful. Mr. Chaplin said that he had given the proposal careful consideration, but that he was constantly in receipt of such applications, without any accompanying evidence of the value of the remedies to which they related. The very fact that a Minister of the Crown should be called upon, without apparently any consultation with experts in such matters, to reply to such proposals shows that in England the new department as yet lacks one essential to complete organization. Not long since Mr. Chaplin was taken to task in the press for dealing in a light, off-hand manner with so grave a subject as tuberculosis in cattle. In Canada, also, the veterinary branch of our Department of Agriculture is still imperfect as to provision for the study of diseases. In the last report of the Minister, Dr. D. McEachran, Chief Inspector of Cattle Quarantines, suggests that an experimental station for the investigation of disease in animals should be established. The interest that the community at large has in this proposal is very clearly set forth by Dr. McEachran.

After calling attention to the insufficiency of the opportunities actually at the disposal of the Government inspectors for careful experimentation and research, he thus continues: "The communicability of many animal diseases to the human family is now more than guessed at; yet, so far as Canada is concerned, no provision has yet been made for the investigation and exposition of such matters of the greatest importance to public health." He then refers to the report of Dr. Johnson, of the McGill University Pathological Laboratory, in which, after describing his visit to M. Pasteur's Institute at Paris, that gentleman draws up a scheme for such an experimental station, and indicates the character of the services that it would render to the Government and public. Chief among these would be the investigation of contagious diseases and their communicability to man, the training of quarantine officers for their important duties and original researches. The cost of building and equipping such a station would, he computes, be \$31,000; the annual outlay, \$2,500.

The return of special permits for the importation

of intoxicating liquors into the North-West Territories during the year 1889 shows the following totals: Whiskey, 9,485½ gallons; brandy, 1,080; gin, 454½; rum, 224½; alcohol, 416; in all, 11,660½ gallons of spirituous liquors. Besides this quantity there were imported of wine 1,422 gallons; of beer, 25,527; of porter, 571; and of beer imported for sale, limited to 4 per cent of alcohol, 112,448½. There were also sold on the dining cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway (under wine and beer permit, dated July 30, 1886,) from January 25 to December 25, 1889, 164¾ gallons of wine, and 2,607 gallons of beer.

In 1837 there were in Canada sixteen miles of railway. Ten years later this figure had increased to fifty-nine. In another decade it had grown to 1,995. In 1869 we find this length of railway extended to 2,497, which ten years later had become 6,484, and last year this had been prolonged to a total mileage of 12,628. In 1842 the number of passengers was 27,041, which in twenty-five years increased to 2,920,000. In the same interval the freight carried had increased from 7,716 to 2,260,000 tons. Less than a quarter century later the passengers had multiplied to 12,151,105, and the freight to 17,928,626 tons. In 1842 the earnings of Canadian railways amounted to \$13,650, and the working expenses to \$19,744. In 1889 the earnings had attained the figure of \$42,249,615, and the working expenses were \$31,038,045. The miles of track laid are 13,325; sidings, 1,577; iron rails in main line, 786; steel rails, 12,539. The capital paid (including Government bonuses, loans and subscriptions to shares, and municipal aid), amounts to \$760,576,446. The number of elevators is 28. The number of guarded level crossings is 122; of unguarded, 7,913; of overhead bridges, 368; of engines, owned, 1,718; hired, 43; of sleeper and parlour cars, owned, 88; hired, 17; of first-class cars, owned, 763; hired, 32; of second-class and immigrant cars, owned, 564; hired, 17; of baggage, mail and express cars, owned, 484; hired, 33; of cattle and box cars, owned, 27,442; hired, 3,583; of platform cars, owned, 13,599; hired, 326; of coal and dump cars, owned, 3,235. The amount of Government and municipal loans, etc., promised to railways completed or under construction is \$184,802,087.52.

The return of fatal accidents in connection with Canadian railways during the year ending June 30, 1889, furnishes ample warning against the practices of getting on or off trains, while in motion and of walking on the track. Of the total number killed (210), more than half the victims (108) met their deaths through one or other of these causes. The list is as follows: Falling from cars or engine, 30; getting on or off trains in motion, 18; while at work making up trains, 5; coupling cars, 8; collisions and derailments, 41; striking bridges, 2; walking or remaining on track, 90; other causes, 16. Of the entire number 37 were passengers; 89 employees; 84 neither employees nor passengers. Besides the 210 killed, there were 875 injured.

Lieut.-Governor Royal's report concerning the administration of the North-West Territories for the year 1889 bears emphatic witness to the satisfactory condition of the portion of Canada under his jurisdiction. "Peace, order and contentment," he says, "seem to reign supreme at the present day in these vast possessions; criminal offences

are few in number, and the laws are everywhere cheerfully obeyed." Referring to the visit of the Governor-General to the Territories, he says that it "has afforded the people a happy opportunity of assuring the representative of Her Majesty of their strong sense of loyalty to the British Crown and their deep attachment to the laws and free institutions of Canada." The progress of education has been satisfactory. There are now in operation 164 schools, attended by 4,574 children, taught by a staff of 183 properly qualified teachers. The year 1888 showed an increase of 20 schools, with 240 children; last year, of 33 schools and 1,121 pupils. The ordinance for the establishment of superior schools has been put in force, and there are union schools, with provision for the training of teachers, at Regina and Calgary. According to the regulations, the standard of instruction in these schools is as high as that of like institutions in Eastern Canada. The principal of every high school must be a graduate of some Imperial university. The Normal School session extends from the first Monday in November to the last Friday in March. The Board of Education has also been taking steps towards securing a grant of land for a university, and, though the Minister of the Interior, to whom a resolution on the subject was referred, deemed the consideration of such a question premature, has respectfully urged the advisability of selecting land for the purpose against the time when the Districts should be erected into provinces. Otherwise, the Government is reminded, when that time arrives, no lands may be available, or the lands available may be of comparatively little value.

Professor F. H. Geffcken, in the course of an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "North American Fisheries Disputes," touching incidentally on annexation as a solution of the problem at issue between our neighbours and ourselves, pronounces it chimerical for four reasons. The first is that such a surrender would be a serious blow to the prestige and to the interests of Great Britain. The plea that Canada is of no advantage to England he dismisses as baseless—our great transcontinental line being the Empire's shortest highway (and on its own ground) to the East. The railway is, therefore, a powerful link between the Mother Country and Canada, both from a commercial and a military point of view, and to part with such a possession would be wretched statesmanship. As to us Canadians, Prof. Geffcken, considering us, French and English, as a whole, does not see what benefit we should gain by bartering all the advantages that we now enjoy for the doubtful boon of being split up into States and made partakers in a party strife to which we are aliens. We should be simply swamped and all the advantage would go to the majority. This argument is doubly strong where the French-Canadians are concerned. Their rights would all be forfeited; they would be swallowed up like their kinsmen of Louisiana. The fourth reason is one not often heard, at least on this side of the line. It is, that the addition of half a continent would disorganize the whole internal policy of the United States. For these reasons he thinks annexation impolitic and improbable. At the same time he counsels England, however desirous to conciliate the United States, not to sacrifice Canada's interests either in the Atlantic or the Pacific. Of the justice of Canada's claims he has no doubt whatever.

A BURNING QUESTION.

There is one drawback to the moral and material prosperity of Western Canada—the Territories, more especially—to which attention has been frequently called during the last few years. No person who has studied the statistics of crime in the Dominion can fail to have observed that its increase in certain localities has been largely due to intemperance. It was deemed well, in view of these facts and of the peculiar circumstances of the country, that, in the organization of the North-West, a strict law should be enacted prohibiting (save by special permission) the introduction and sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of the Territories—the enforcement of this law being one of the duties of the Mounted Police. That the task of compelling obedience to its provisions is no easy one is, however, sadly evident from the published reports of the Police Commissioner, of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, of the Minister of Justice and of the Immigration agents and from the almost unanimous testimony of the Territorial press. Not long since we had occasion to remind our readers that the temperance reform on this continent could be traced back to a famous meeting held at Sillery in 1648, at which Father Jérôme Lalemant and an Algonquin Chief were among the denouncers of the liquor traffic. Generations passed away before the rulers of the land were won over to their views, but their cause ultimately triumphed. The conflict is now between authority and those who defy it, but that there is the same earnestness on the side of the former that once actuated its opponents there is unhappily too good reason to doubt. In his last report the Superintendent-General says most distinctly that the Indian agents, instead of being encouraged and helped by the magistrates in protecting their wards from the seductions of the traffickers are actually embarrassed and impeded by their laxness and indifference. Were this charge made by some unofficial or unimportant person, we might be tempted to conclude that it was exaggerated, but coming from such a source, we must accept it as the unquestionable truth. Naturally, when the magistrates and other officers of the law are thus lax, those who have only a moral responsibility in the matter and whose sympathies, for any cause, may be with the culprit, do not hesitate to shield or even assist him in his misdoing. If we ask what the Chief Commissioner of the Mounted Police may have to say on this liquor question, a reply equally emphatic awaits us. There are, he says, the gravest reasons for complaint. Though he acquits the rural districts of any wide spread indulgence in intoxicants, he avers that in the towns there is a great deal of liquor disposed of, and consequently more or less drunkenness. As for the farmers, it is only when they visit the towns that they allow themselves to be overcome. The offenders mostly break the law with impunity. "In Calgary judicial district it is impossible to get a conviction sustained." They have devices for evading entanglement in the legal machinery which have so far apparently proved shamefully effectual. One person obtains a permit and gives it to the liquor-seller and the latter snaps his fingers at the officers of the law. The saloon keepers are thus protected from the consequences of their illegal practice by the coöperation and connivance of their thirsty friends. An expert dealer keeps enough on his premises to accommodate his customers and to tally with his often

fraudulent permits. The rest of his stock is hid away in haystacks, manure heaps, and other receptacles, to be safely produced, as occasion requires.

Undoubtedly the worst feature in this evasion of the laws is that it is made possible by the assistance of a considerable proportion of the community. The failure of the police to unearth the contraband stuff, or of the magistrate to convict the law-breakers, is greeted with acclamation by citizens who should know better. Is it any wonder, asks the Commissioner, that the members of the police force should grow weary of constant disappointment and of the sneers and opprobrium of those who resent their interference? At the present moment it is computed that there are no less than twenty-two illicit liquor shops in the town of Calgary alone, and respectable citizens, whether avowed total abstainers or professed moderate drinkers, are both sorrowful and indignant at the degradation consequent on such an open revolt against the law.

As to the remedy opinion differs. The Commissioner of the Mounted Police, who has had wide experience of both prohibition and licensing, is opposed to the latter. Though he admits the evils of the present system, he thinks that to abrogate the law would make matters worse. On the other hand, many of the citizens—including even temperance people—have come to the conclusion that nominal prohibition, with practically unrestrained liquor selling, has been condemned by its own fruits, and that the only source of relief is a high license system. One thing is clear—unless some plan of redress be discovered and applied, the fairest portion of Western Canada will ere long be hopelessly demoralized.

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES—GREAT BRITAIN.

V.

To the ordinary Briton it seems somewhat superfluous to speak of the greatness of his country, as he most thoroughly appreciates the fact and does not consider it necessary to be always dwelling upon the subject. This consciousness appears even to have affected the national character and to have made John Bull the determined, even obstinate, individual that he is so often represented as being. Yet to those who dwell in the "Greater Britain" beyond the seas, no survey of their own past, or forecast of their national future, can be had which does not include a consideration of the causes underlying the greatness of the Mother Country and controlling its probable destiny.

There can be no question of the fact that Great Britain—by the intellectual attainments of its scholars, by the vigorous character of its people, by its laws and noble literature, by its achievements on sea and land in the old world and the new, on the battle-fields of Asia, Europe and America, has succeeded in impressing a stamp upon mankind more marked than that of even the Roman or the Greek.

In a material sense, and taking the United Kingdom apart from the rest of the Empire, we find an estimated wealth almost beyond the grasp of our comprehension. The figures for 1887 are as follows:

Railways.....	£ 830,000,000
Houses.....	2,640,000,000
Furniture.....	1,320,000,000
Lands.....	1,542,000,000
Cattle.....	414,000,000
Shipping.....	130,000,000
Merchandise.....	321,000,000
Bullion.....	143,000,000
Sundries.....	1,869,000,000

Or a total estimated capital of £9,210,000,000 sterling.

With all this material wealth, with a history rich in memories of great deeds, noble struggles for liberty, and men of light and leading in every department of human research or literary power, Great Britain possesses a constitution which is constantly changing and adapting itself to the needs of the period and yet retaining in its forms and principles those hallowed ceremonies and attributes which have come down through the centuries. First in importance of all the institutions of which Englishmen are so justly proud, and of which we in the colonies obtain the full benefit, is that of the throne. No man can better express a beautiful sentiment or deal with such a subject with so much eloquence as the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Let his ringing words speak for themselves:

"The Sovereign in England is the symbol of the nation's unity and the apex of the social structure, the maker (with advice) of the laws, the supreme governor of the church, the fountain of justice, the sole source of honour, the person to whom all naval, all military, and all civil service is rendered. She is the symbol of law, she is by law, and setting apart the metaphysics and the abnormal incidents of revolution, the source of power. Parliament and ministries pass, but she abides in life-long duty, and she is to them as the oak in the forest is to the annual harvest in the field."

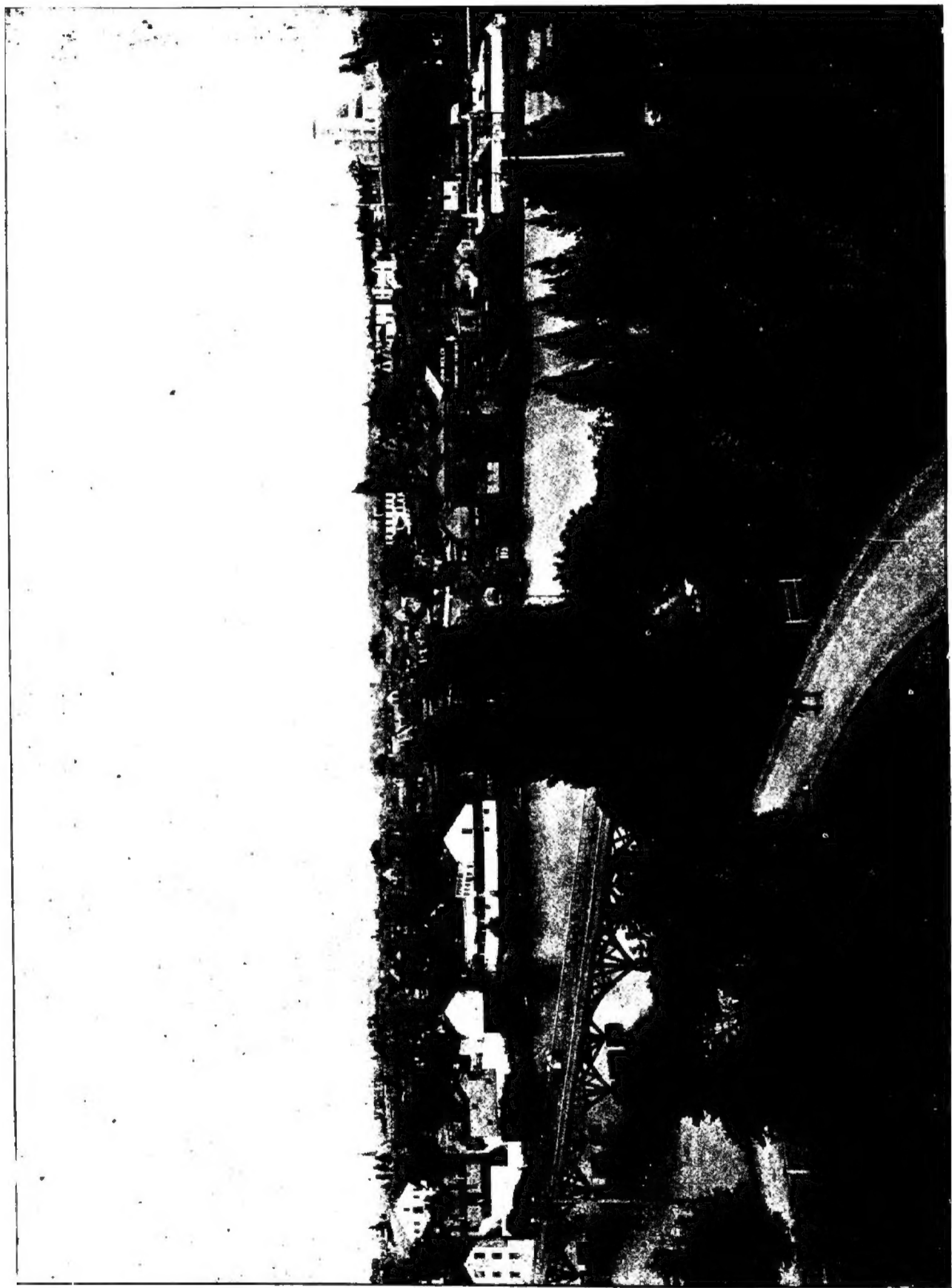
It has been said, and with truth, that "the English dearly love a queen," and there can be little doubt that the tendency of a stable, monarchical system, when limited by constitutional practice and usage, is to produce a peace, confidence and steady, continuous progress, in every branch of national life—a result which might otherwise be found exceedingly difficult of attainment. The chivalric devotion of the people to the Crown, when held by a Sovereign such as Queen Victoria has proved herself to be, must always tend to enhance the merits of the monarchical system in the eyes of all who admire stability and respect authority.

It is not, however, necessary to discuss the merits of such a system as compared with other powers of government, but it is needful to refer to the matter briefly, as the Crown forms one of the great links which hold the British Empire in union. With all the wealth of the Mother Country and the freedom of her institutions, with even the wonderful parliamentary system which has proved the parent of a long progeniture of liberty giving legislatures in the civilized countries of Europe and the world, with all that she has to be proud of in the past and in the present, no one subject so stirs the patriotism of the British people as the spectacle of that mighty Empire which has developed as by enchantment during the past one hundred years.

A little more than a century and a quarter ago saw the battle of Plassey, the victory on the Plains of Abraham, and the foundation of the Empire of to-day. The loss of the United States was replaced by the settlement of Australia, and now the British Empire, by a process of natural growth, unexpected discoveries, constitutional development and the powers of communication and coöperation, has become the centre of the chief arbiters of the world's destiny.

But will this greatness last? No living political organism can remain stationary, and within the British realm there are two widely divergent lines of thought and action—one being Imperialism or the feeling of a common nationality; the other—localism or a sentiment of geographical narrowness. Mr. Gladstone has said that: "The sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. It is part of our patrimony, born with our birth, dying only with our death, incorporating itself in the first elements of our knowledge and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs * * * The dominant passion of England is extended empire."

It may, I think, be taken for granted that the greatness of Britain to-day is wrapped up to a very considerable extent in the retention of her external empire. The secession of Canada or Australia, or



THE ROYAL VISIT.—VIEW OF VICTORIA, B.C.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE C. P. R. DOCKS, VANCOUVER, B.C.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

both, would mean, not only the loss of two-thirds of her territorial empire, but a destruction of prestige sufficient to arouse the keenest fear as to the future of India. Reputation for power, not force, rules India and keeps her hundreds of millions in peace and quietness, and the inevitable result of such secession would be Russian aggression, internal rebellion and the ultimate loss of the Eastern Empire. Sir Charles Dilke estimates a total of £800,000,000, sterling as the amount that England has invested in her dependencies, and when we consider that separation means lower credit, and, perhaps, fatal financial consequences for the colonies, we may conclude that in view of this and many considerations, other than those already mentioned, Great Britain will not permit, let alone encourage, Colonial Independence. That is one tendency of the day, the other has been referred to elsewhere, namely, the feeling in Canada and Australia that it is absolutely essential for them in the future to obtain the full rights of national existence—if possible, under the British flag. How, then, can this be done, and how will it affect Great Britain?

Earl Russell, in his celebrated "Recollections," remarks: "Great changes have been made, great changes are impending. Amid these changes there is no greater benefit to mankind than a statesman can propose for himself than the consolidation of the British Empire."

Imperial Federation is then the solution of the difficulty and the only solution which will carry these two apparently diverse currents into the same channel and enable them to flow calmly and surely into the same great sea of national life.

From a British standpoint, the most important matter which requires to be dealt with is that of defence. There can be no question of the fact that Matthew Arnold's pen picture of the "Weary Titan" has some degree of force in it, and that the English artisan and farm labourer, not in many cases as well off as his brethren in the colonies, has indeed a tremendous burden of empire upon his shoulders. India, it is true, pays for her own defence; but what would happen were war really to break out with Russia? Who paid the £11,000,000 sterling voted to Mr. Gladstone's Government at the time of the Penjdeh incident? The British taxpayer. Australia has more than once practically asked England to go to war with Germany over the New Guinea question and France over the New Hebrides. Canada has not been far behind with regard to her fisheries and the United States, and Newfoundland is just now to the front.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

TIGERS IN ANNAM.

The French officials in Annam have met with considerable difficulty in dealing with tigers, which are extremely numerous in that part of Indo-China, notwithstanding the large sums paid for their extirpation. Last year as much as 10,000 francs was paid to the slayers of this marauder. As payment is only made on the evidence of the skin and fangs, there is no room for fraud. The *Temps* gives some interesting data about the depredations of this animal, and as evidence of his formidable character quotes the story of an official who requested a change of district because he was tired of administering a territory which contained as many tigers as inhabitants. In other districts they are so numerous that no one would think of driving out after dark. The Annamese, in the hope of propitiating so formidable an enemy, have raised the tiger almost to the level of a divinity. Pagodas have been consecrated to him, titles of nobility have been conferred upon him, and he has been surrounded with a sort of religious cult. When they endeavour to take one they only do so by means of elaborate stratagem, constructing deep pits and then assailing the trapped animal when at a disadvantage. As there is very game in Annam, the tiger has as much difficulty in finding food as man has in getting sport. The game of which he is fondest, and which also proves that he is something of a gourmet, is the wild peacock, so that the natives say "wherever there are peacocks there is sure to be a tiger."

Of the 4,200 kinds of flowers which grow in Europe only 420, or 10 per cent. are odoriferous. The commonest flowers are the white ones, of which there are 1,194 kinds. Less than one-fifth of these are fragrant. Of the 951 kinds of yellow flowers 77 are odoriferous; of the 823 red kinds, 84; of the 594 blue kinds, 31; of the 308 violet-blue kinds, 13. Of the 240 kinds with combined colours 28 are fragrant.



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., G.C.M.G., ETC.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn is well remembered in Canada as Prince Arthur, of the Rifle Brigade, Queen Victoria's soldier son, who so gladly shared the toils and perils of our own volunteers in the crisis of the second Fenian raid. Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., etc., was born on the 1st of May, 1850. He takes his first name from the Duke of Wellington; his second from his grand uncle, William IV.; his third in memory of the Queen's visit to Ireland, and his fourth from his father, the late still lamented Prince Albert. In 1867 Prince Arthur entered the Military Academy of Woolwich; in 1868 he was appointed Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and later in the same year was transferred to the Royal Artillery and then to the Rifle Brigade. It was while he was in this last distinguished corps that H.R.H. came to Canada. His residence in this city was the occasion of much gaiety in social circles, and the young prince won wide popularity. In 1874 Prince Arthur was gazetted as captain in the 7th Hussars; in 1875 he received his majority, and in 1876 became Lieut.-Col. of the Rifle Brigade. In 1874 he was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn and Earl of Sussex in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. On the 13th of March, 1879, H.R.H. married the Princess Louise, daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, then in her twentieth year, and has three children—the Princess Margaret Victoria, born January, 1882; Prince Arthur, born January, 1883, and Princess Victoria Patricia, born March 17, 1886. H.R.H. has for some years held the position of Commander-in-Chief of Bombay, with the rank of Lieut.-General. Their Royal Highnesses are now on their way from the East to England.

THE ROYAL VISIT—VICTORIA, B.C.—The arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, with his illustrious consort, at the capital of our Pacific Province is an event which offers an excellent opportunity for presenting to our readers a view of that beautiful and thriving city. There is another fact, moreover, which makes this illustration timely. It is just a hundred years since the Spanish explorers discovered the fine bay which is the present harbour of Victoria. Not long since the *Victoria Times* issued a special number in celebration of the event, which contained a mass of valuable information regarding the city and the island. From a summary of its account of Victoria in the *Western World* we learn that it ranks as fifth port in the Dominion. Its exports last year amounted to \$3,088,015; its imports to \$2,913,198. Of the former the sum of \$490,825 is set down to gold; \$2,206,950; to fisheries, \$105,000 to products of the forest; \$384,924 to furs; \$772,000 to agricultural products, and \$34,439 to manufactures. The trade of Victoria is carried on with Great Britain, the United States, Australia, China, Peru, Chili, the Sandwich Islands, Japan and Mexico, the chief articles being coal, fish, hides, lumber, furs and the precious metals. The sealing industry has its centre in Victoria. Last year 22 British and 8 foreign schooners brought to the port a catch of 35,310 skins, valued at \$247,170. The salmon pack for 1889 realized \$2,288,617, and there were also shipments of salted and frozen fish. As many as 70,000 tourists visited the city last summer. The population has grown from 6,000 in 1863 to about 22,000 to-day. From \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 was invested in building last year, yet in the fall there were not more than five habitable houses empty. The real estate of Victoria is valued at \$9,000,000, and it is confidently expected to exceed \$10,000,000 before the close of 1890. The scenery of Victoria is charming. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne and scores of other visitors have recorded their impressions of it in language most enthusiastic. It is worthy of its royal name, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will, we may be sure, appreciate its natural beauties and the loyal hospitality and many-sided virtues of its citizens. Another view shows the docks. We have already given an engraving of the Esquimault dry dock, which is to be enlarged so as to accommodate the largest ocean steamer.

THE ROYAL VISIT—SPRUCE TREE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.—This is a happily spared relic of the forest primeval, out of which the progressive young city that bears the name of the great sea captain who visited those coasts nearly a hundred years ago was carved with such marvellous speed. The trees of British Columbia have attracted the admiring attention of all naturalists and tourists who have visited our Pacific Province, and are the pride of our Western fellow-citizens. The list comprises the Douglas spruce (generally called Douglas pine, or Douglas fir, and by our neighbours Oregon pine), the Western hemlock, Englemann's spruce (which resembles white spruce), Menzies' spruce (chiefly on the coast), the great silver fir, balsam spruce, Alpine hemlock, white pine (or mountain pine), black pine (otherwise called "bull" or "western scrub" pine), white barked pine, western cedar (called also giant or red cedar), yellow cypress (or yellow cedar, as some name it), Western birch (or tamarac), various kinds of maple, alder, paper or canoe birch, oak (on Vancouver Island, and in small quantity near Yale), aspen poplar,

mountain juniper (commonly called pencil cedar), and other varieties. The conifers cover a large area of the Province. The spruces abound, and are of recognized economic importance. The specimen in our engraving has a circumference of 44 feet at the base.

THE HARAS NATIONAL.—To the institution represented in this engraving our editorial columns have already made some reference. As some of our readers are aware, the term *Haras* (meaning a stud—*Haracin*, in mediæval Latin) is now generally applied in France and other European countries to those horse marts which deal only with animals of superior class, and the managers of which aim, above all things, at improving the breed by careful crossing. For some years past attention has been largely directed to this end in the Province of Quebec, as elsewhere in the Dominion. Of the movement in this section of the Province, the Hon. Louis Beaubien has long been the recognized leader. Seeking the assistance of the Comte de Mandat Grancy and other gentlemen, well known in France and throughout Europe for the judgment and enterprise with which they have furthered the cause which he had at heart, he has been enabled to carry his plan to a triumphant conclusion and to see his *Haras National* established on a firm footing. Saturday, the 10th inst., was fixed for its inauguration, and *clat* was lent to the occasion by the presence of the Governor-General. It was a gala day for the pretty village of Outremont, many of the inhabitants of which, including Messrs. W. R. Salter, Wiseman, Barton, etc., had decorated their houses and mounted flags in honour of His Excellency. Mr. Auzias-Turenne, the managing director of the establishment, the Count de Sieyes and Baron de Poliniere, of the Société Hippique, Paris, who have a large interest in the *Haras*, aided Mr. Beaubien in receiving the guests. His Excellency was accompanied by the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, Hon. Edward Stanley and Major Prevost, A.D.C. Among the large number of gentlemen present were noticed Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. Senators Ogilvie, Girard, Perley, Casgrain, Cochrane, Howland, Sanford and Thibault, Curé Lesage, the parish priest and two vicars; Messrs. John Crawford, Guilbault, ex-M.P., L. H. Massue, ex-M.P., Wm. Evans, Prof. McEachran, W. Stephen, Henry Hogan, A. C. Hutchison, Jas. Mackay (Ottawa), J. A. Cantlie, De Bellefeuille, W. R. Salter, Hon. F. E. Gilman, Wm. Angus, W. J. Poupore, M.P.P., H. S. Foster (treasurer of the Dominion Dairy association), B. R. Woodward, (president of the Eastern Townships Agricultural association), Prof. Robertson, R. Roy, Q.C., A. W. Bateson, (London, Eng.), G. Lamothe, Hon. Dr. Ross, Militia; M.P.P.; Col. Panet, representing the Minister of Militia; Lieut.-Col. Crawford, B. J. Coghlin, Col. Hughes, Hon. Mr. Dorion, Joseph Tassé, Alex. Ramsay, L. H. Taché, Ald. Villeneuve, Leblanc, M.P.P., J. Stewart, Hon. Mr. Lavolette, D. Morrice, jr., W. J. White, W. B. Smith, Col. Patton, S. C. Stevenson, Dr. Bruneau, W. Darling, N. M. Lecavalier, G. Buchanan, Hon. G. B. Baker, L. G. Galarneau, Robt. Benny, J. X. Perrault, M. Schweb, Viau, Dufour, Wm. Stewart, John Cassils, St. Onge, Major Dunlop, of Outremont, A. Joyce, Thos. Hall, Languedoc, Alex. Ramsay, and the following members of the Dominion Parliament: Messrs. Girouard, J. J. Curran, J. W. Bain, Vanasse, R. Prefontaine, Cargill, Cimon, McCulla, Riopel, J. C. Wilson, Rinfret, Robillard, Grandbois, Bergeron, Taylor, Tyrwhitt, Davis (Alberta), Thérien, Mackintosh, Hickey, Smith, Madill, Porter, Fiset, Desjardins, Daoust, Guillet, Cochrane, Coughlin, Watson, R. S. White and Labrosse. The parade of horses was a sight well worth seeing. Among the horses exhibited were Joly, Percheron, three years old; Roi de Bignon, Breton; Fanchette (first prize in Paris), and Venus, Percheron, in harness; Norman, de Puisaye, Norman, four years; Holopherne, Norman, four years; Creuzet, Percheron, three years; Bontemps, three years, and General Frotte, Norman, four years. While the parade was going on the Garrison Artillery band discoursed a programme of music, which made the square rather as they were either driven or led around the square rather mettlesome. The Marquis de Puisaye is a Norman carriage horse, remarkable for his fine shape, beauty and power; he was very much admired as he was being led round. Holopherne is a slightly smaller horse, but is probably a better shaped horse. Joly and Bontemps are two very fine specimens of heavy class Percherons; the former, though only four years old, weighs nearly two thousand pounds, and Frotte is a Norman carriage horse, of great power, and excited a great deal of admiration from his immense strength and constitution. The parade over, His Excellency, accompanied by Mr. Auzias-Turenne, made a minute inspection of the stables, and afterwards congratulated Mr. Beaubien on the evident solicitude for the comfort of the animals which was everywhere apparent. A cowboy in full uniform, from the company's Fleur de Lys ranch, Buffalo Gap, Dakota, was a spectacle that excited much interest. At 2 o'clock the guests were invited to lunch in a building adjoining the stable, Mr. Joyce being the caterer. After refreshments had been partaken of, the Hon. Mr. Beaubien proposed the toast of "The Queen," and gave expression to the great pleasure he felt in being honoured by the presence of Her Majesty's representative. After complimenting His Excellency on the manner in which he spoke both French and English, he went on to speak of the work that he had undertaken of improving the stock of Percheron horses. He believed the importation of old Canadian breed which had once been so renowned. If this had been only a commercial affair he would not have thought of inviting His Excellency to attend, but it was an event of

national importance. This undertaking was being conducted by purely private enterprise, as they were not relying upon the Government for any support, and he thought they were therefore entitled to the encouragement of all those who took an interest in our agricultural welfare. He concluded by offering his very sincere thanks to His Excellency for attending, and proposed his health, which was received with great enthusiasm, the company singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Lord Stanley, in replying, said that he was very glad indeed to have had an opportunity of witnessing the very fine show of horses which it had just been his privilege to see, and he trusted that, under good management, it would be of great service to the Dominion. Being a lover of good horses and good company he had expected great pleasure from the acceptance of Mr. Beaubien's invitation, and he was not disappointed. He came with the intention of learning all he could; he was anxious to see what were the good points of the Percheron and the Norman horse and how far they were applicable to this country, and he was quite sure that some of the horses were such as to improve the stamp of our horses and consequently such as to increase the wealth of the farmer and the wealth of the Dominion. He believed that in former times the Canadian horse was renowned for its many good qualities, for its power of endurance, and for its hardiness and applicability for all that was required, but he was afraid that in these later days, in some parts of the province at any rate, sufficient attention was not being paid to the breeding of good horses. He was, therefore, glad to see so much capital, so much skill and so much science being applied to the creation of such an establishment as this, which he hoped in time to come would merit its title of *Haras National* and have a good effect, not only upon the Province of Quebec, but upon the whole Dominion. As they all knew, he spoke under constitutional advice—(hear, hear)—but he was accompanied by a very able member of the Cabinet, who had been kind enough to visit his friends to-day. He could only commend to him what he had seen to-day and trusted that he would lay the matter before his colleague, the Minister of Agriculture, with that eloquence and that power of getting his own way for which he is famed. His Excellency also made a short speech in French, at the conclusion of which Mr. John Crawford called for three rousing cheers, and they were given with a will. The Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Mr. Desjardins, M.P., the Hon. Senator Cochrane, Mr. Edward Cochrane, M.P., Mr. Auzias-Turenne and the Hon. Mr. Taillon afterwards made brief addresses in proposing or replying to various toasts, the closing words falling to the president of the *Haras National*, who acknowledged His Excellency's kind words in wishing health and long life to himself and his enterprise.

SOME OF THE HARAS HORSES.—There can be no doubt that the fine animals shown in our engravings are of good stock. The horses called Percheron derive their name from the ancient province of La Perche, situated to the south and south-west of Paris, and comprising a considerable portion of the region now embraced within the departments of Orne, Eure et Loire, Loire et Cher and Sarthe. It has given Canada more than horses, for some of the human, as well as the equine stocks that originally settled New France in the 17th century had their origin in the same territory. The horse in question has been associated with La Perche from time immemorial. Its presence there is accounted for by the theory that when France was invaded by the Saracens under a more famous Abdurrahman than England's Afghan ally, the aggressors, after their defeat in 732 by the valiant Charles Martel, left on the field of their discomfiture numbers of matchless steeds, and that from the Barbs and Arabs of that distant day the Percherons of the present are, with various strains since added, descended. In subsequent centuries a fresh infusion, it is thought, of Oriental blood resulted from the visit to the Holy Land of the French crusaders. Nor did the efforts to keep up those characteristics which first gave the Percherons their pre-eminence in Western Europe end with the Wars of Faith. For generations afterwards noblemen of La Perche and the adjoining provinces took pride in importing from Moorish Spain, or more distant lands choice stallions of the Arab type in order to maintain the superiority of the now famous breed. The Government, at a later period, seconded these efforts by ordering from the best horse marts in the East animals of the original type. The typical Percheron, nevertheless, is very different from an Arabian horse. It is from 15 to 16 hands high, and weighs from 1,200 to 1,400 lbs.; is, for the most part, grey (very often beautifully dappled), though other colours, and even pronounced black, have been observed in by no means inferior specimens. The Percheron is noted not only for beauty and utility, but for gentleness and docility, and they have, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of transmitting their own qualities.

"THE GLEANERS," BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.—This is one of Millet's most characteristic studies. It belongs to a series of which "The Sowers," "The Reapers," "The Diggers," "The Angelus," "Peasants Returning Home," and some others, all representative of daily labour in the fields, are individuals. Another group comprises scenes of pastoral life, "The Shepherdess," "The New Born Lamb," "Sheep shearing"; still another the domestic toils of peasant women, as "Carding Wool," "A Spinner," etc., while the outdoor amusements and household joys of country folk may be said to form another class. There is, however, in them all, the same quality of truthfulness, of reality, though transformed by that light which "never was on land or sea." No such interpreter of rustic life, with its joys, its sorrows, its resignation, its sublime hope,

has appeared in our day. As with many a true artist, the world was late in discovering Millet's genius, and the story of his life struggle and posthumous triumph offers abundant food for reflection. The presence in Montreal of "The Angelus" gives a peculiar interest to Millet just now for some of our readers. We have been promised a sketch of his career, which we hope to publish in our next issue.

FORT OF THE MOUNTAIN, BUILT IN 1677.—Our engraving furnishes an instance of the numerous opportunities that Montreal and its neighbourhood offer for the research of the zealous antiquarian. "It is most worthy of observation," says an old writer, referring to such a one, "with what diligence he enquired after ancient places, making hue and cry after many a city that was run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it; as by the situation of the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants by Roman coins dug up and by some appearance of ruins." The evidence in this case was as striking as any of those enumerated. In the year 1854, while men were digging the foundation of the Seminary on Sherbrooke street, known to English citizens generally as the Priests' Farm, they came upon certain human remains that seemed to indicate that the spot had once been used as a cemetery. At any rate, the two epitaphs which we append, taken from one of the old towers that are still standing in front of the edifice, bear witness to the burial of two bodies in this hallowed ground. One of them was that of a pious daughter of the wilderness, who had been a member of the Congregation de Notre Dame at that place; the other that of an equally pious convert from savagery and idolatry, one of those brands plucked from the burning, over whom the good missionaries wept tears of joy. Of the epitaph over the latter the following is a copy:

Ici reposent
les restes mortels
de
FRANÇOIS THORONHONGO
Huron.
Baptisé par le Révérend
Père Breton.
Il fut par sa piété et par sa probité l'exemple
des Chrétiens et l'admiration des infidèles.
Il mourut
Agé d'environ cent ans,
le 11 Avril, 1690.

The companion epitaph is as follows:

Ici reposent
les restes mortels
de
MARIE THÉRÈSE GANNESAUQUA,
de la
Congregation Notre Dame.
Après avoir exercé pendant treize ans l'office
de maîtresse d'école à la montagne, elle
mourut en reputation de grande
vertu, agée de 26 ans le
25 Novembre, 1695.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS PRESS GALLERY.—In this issue is a picture of "The Gallery" at Ottawa—session of 1890. The centre portrait is that of the president for the year, Mr. Willison, the correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, and portraits to the right of him, portraits to the left of him, portraits above and below him from photographs of the sessional representatives of the principal journals of Canada. "The Gallery" is one of the institutions of Ottawa. It is duly organized, having its president, vice-president, committee and secretary. It is amenable to the Speaker's regulations for the governance of the precincts, and its relations with him have nearly always been of a friendly and agreeable character. On the assembling of Parliament a meeting of "The Gallery" takes place under the guidance of the outgoing president, and officers are then chosen for the session. In latter years a more or less complete change has taken place each session, the vice-president of the past year usually being elected without opposition to the presidency for the ensuing one. But "The Gallery" is a mighty independent set of gentleman, that would have no hesitation passing over anyone who had made himself obnoxious. "The Gallery" proper is composed of representatives of the daily press, and before being admitted to its number a candidate has not only to satisfy the committee that he is duly accredited, but his continuance in it depends on the self-evidence of his being a *bona fide* worker on parliamentary matters. Many are called, but all are not invariably chosen, and it is sometimes a delicate and not altogether pleasant duty to discriminate in the admissions. The *Hansard* reporters are practically honorary members of "The Gallery." There is an upper gallery in which sit the representatives of weekly and trade journals, and though these gentlemen are admitted to some of the "privileges of the gallery" as they are called, they are not eligible as officers or members of its committee, nor do they use the press rooms. They have one of their own. In the "Press Room," which means the rooms to which the members of "The Gallery" resort to work, the walls are decorated with portraits of past presidents and groups of former galleries, similar to that which we now publish. Amongst the portraits of the gallery reporters are those of men who have since become editors of papers, Cabinet Ministers and members of Parliament, and we have no doubt that as time rolls its ceaseless course some of those whose counterfeit presentments are herein contained will be found following the footsteps of those more distinguished members of the profession to whom we allude. During the session "The Gallery" gives a dinner, usually at the Russell or in the Commons restaurant; and, each member being allowed to ask his guests, a large party, generally about seventy, sit down to dinner. Amongst the guests there are always a number of Ministers and other members of Parliament. "The Gallery" dinner is generally one of the best and

brightest of the session, for considerable trouble is taken in providing songs, catches and other music, which alternate with the speeches made after dinner. These speeches are generally short, it being understood that "The Gallery" does not approve of long speeches, particularly in its festive moments. It has enough of them in the Chamber. When the dinner is given at the Russell, accommodation is provided for "The Gallery's" lady friends, who come in after dinner to hear the songs and speeches. We may conclude these few remarks by saying that although the duty of "The Gallery" imposes on its members occasional harsh criticism of members of the House, yet as a general rule the relationship existing between the House and its gallery is of the most friendly and pleasant kind.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE, LONDON.—The great society, of which our engraving shows the local habitation, is well known to most of our readers. A brief sketch of its history was published in this paper last spring on the occasion of the banquet held to celebrate its coming of age. It originated in a meeting held at Willis's Rooms on the 26th of June, 1868, under the presidency of Viscount Bury, a nobleman who has always taken a deep interest in colonial affairs, and whose residence in Canada some of our readers may doubtless recall. It was then and there proposed to organize "a society which should assume, in relation to the colonies, a position similar to that filled by the Royal Society as regards science, and the Royal Geographical Society as regards geography. A provisional committee was appointed, which presented its report on the 12th of August. The code of rules which it suggested was adopted and the "Colonial Society," (as it was at first termed) was formally constituted. Viscount Bury was chosen the first president, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Normanby, Lord Carnarvon and other persons of distinction were on the list of vice-presidents, and the council comprised a fair representation of gentlemen interested in colonial affairs. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Mr. G. G. Glyn, M.P., Mr. T. Baring, M.P., and Mr. J. Searight were elected trustees, and Mr. W. C. Sargeant and A. R. Roche, honorary secretary and honorary treasurer, respectively. The sanction of the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Stafford Northcote (the late Earl of Ildesleigh), who were then Secretaries of State for the Colonies and India respectively, was cordially given to the undertaking, and both ministers engaged to address the governors of colonies in favour of the society. In June, 1869, the original name was changed into that which has long been so familiar all over the Empire, the Queen having graciously pleased to permit the use of the prefix. The Royal Colonial Institute has ever since been a power for good in the dissemination of knowledge regarding colonial questions, and as a bond of union between Great and Greater Britain. In 1882 it received a royal charter of incorporation and a common seal. In 1883 it was deemed advisable to acquire a permanent home for the institute, and the site on Northumberland avenue, the freehold of which was afterwards purchased, was secured, and the substantial and commodious building, of which our engraving gives a fair impression, was provided after a total expenditure of about \$250,000. We have already laid before our readers some of the services which the Institute has rendered to colonists visiting England and to Englishmen desirous of gaining accurate information as to the people and resources of the colonies. The published volumes, which now number twenty-one, are a rich mine of varied lore, in which no foreign possession of England—from India, with its 200,000,000 of people, or Canada, with its half a continent of area, to little spots like Heligoland or the Falkland Islands—fails to receive due attention. For its prosperity and usefulness the institute is largely indebted to the energy and earnestness of Sir Frederick Young for many years its honorary secretary, now one of its vice-presidents, and to Mr. J. S. O'Halloran, his successor in the former position.

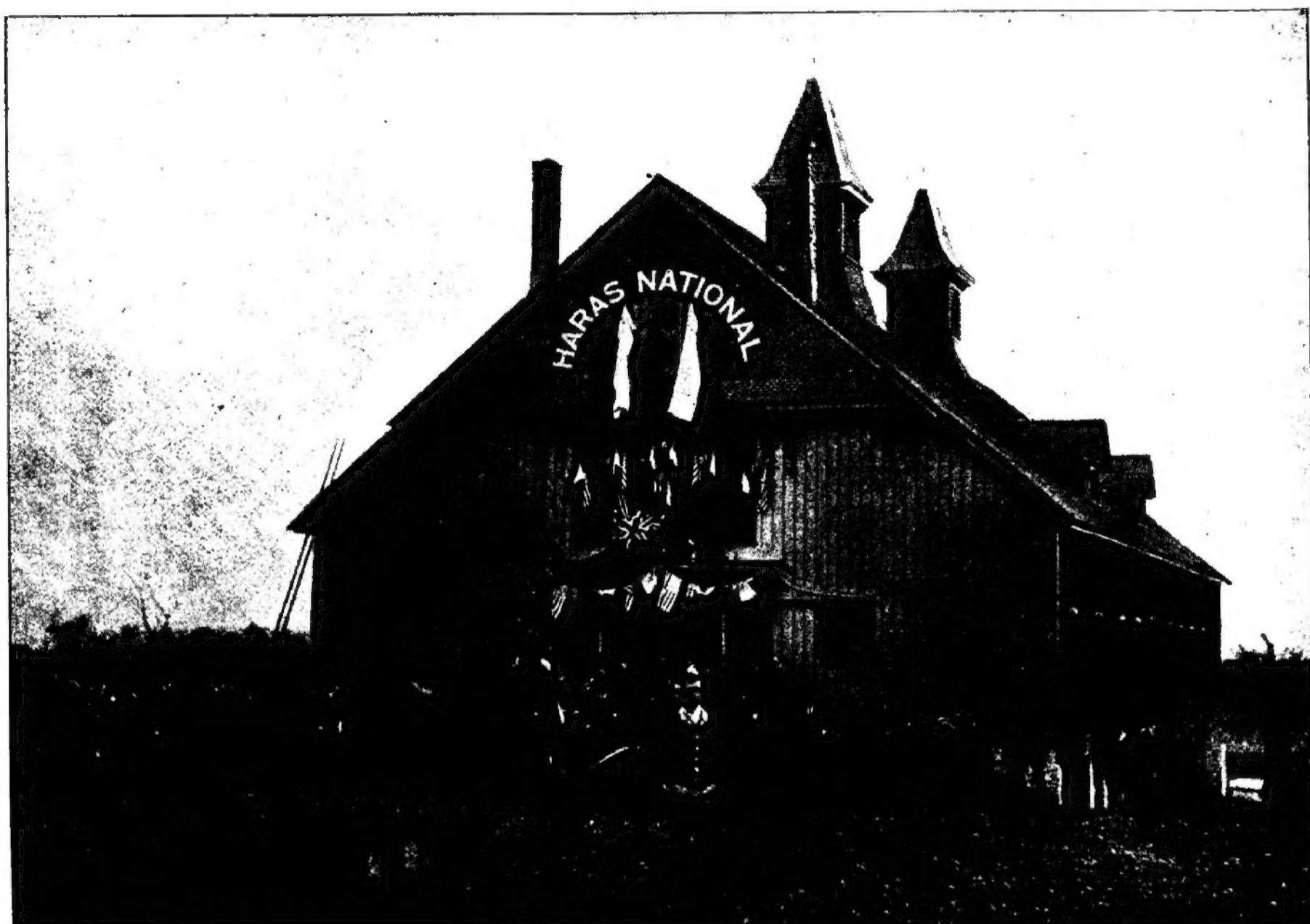
ARBUTUS.

Such a beautiful spray;
Arbutus so rare,
A message of May.
Such a beautiful spray,
What wonder aghast
At a ghost from the past
I clung to it fast
Heard the pulse of a prayer:—
A message of May!
Midst a medley of moss,
So radiant it rose,
From a lifetime of loss.
Midst a medley of moss
Its frail fragrance came,
And breathed but a name,
Sent no shadow of shame.
So, behold! some gain grows
From a lifetime of loss.

Sherbrooke.

MAY AUSTIN.

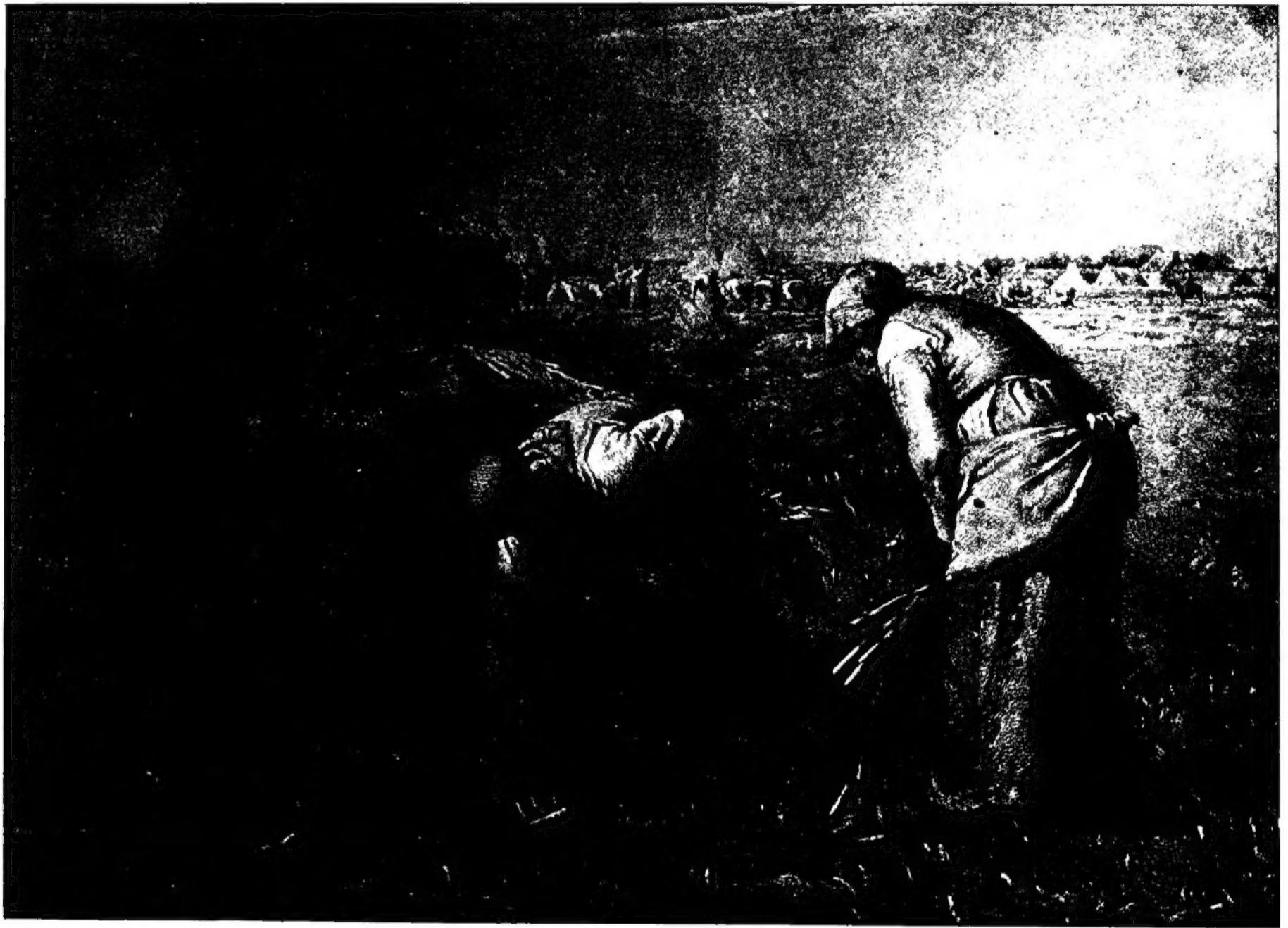
The latest use that British Columbia spruce has been put to is organ building. A no less celebrated maker than Bell, of Guelph, has discovered this lumber is just the thing for certain uses in the construction of the instrument. A trial order of 25,000 feet of dressed spruce was recently ordered by Messrs. Bell & Co. from Victoria, B.C., and gave entire satisfaction, and they intend using it regularly.



INAUGURATION OF THE HARAS NATIONAL AT OUTREMONT, NEAR MONTREAL, BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.
GENERAL VIEW OF THE STABLES.

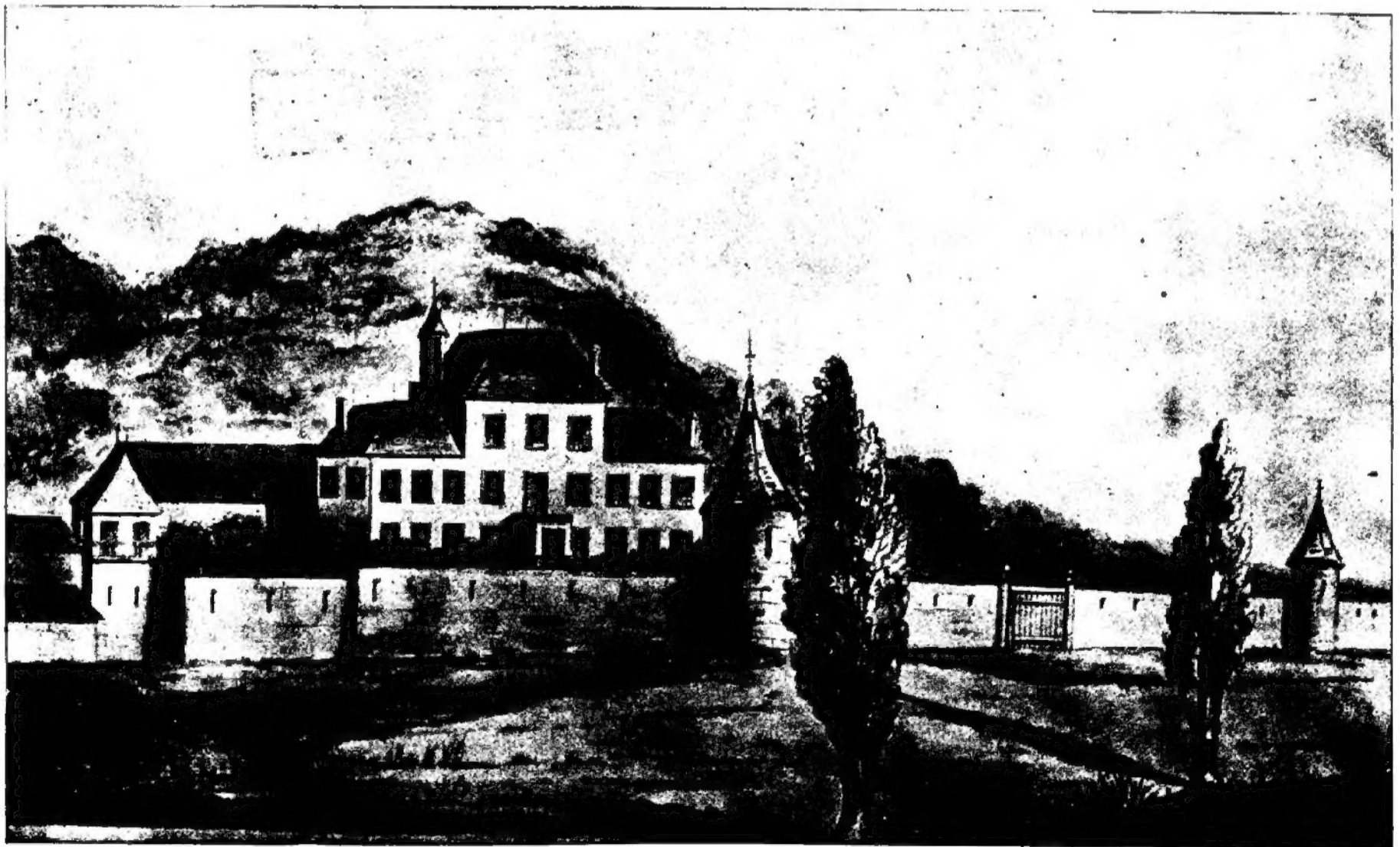


SOME OF THE HORSES.
(Photos. by Cumming & Brewis.)



"THE GLEANERS."

(By Jean François Millet, who painted "The Angelus," now on exhibition in Montreal.)
Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Sonne Photograph Company.



A REMINISCENCE OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.

THE MOUNTAIN FORT, BUILT BY THE GENTLEMEN OF ST. SULPICE SEMINARY IN 1677, WHERE THE MONTREAL COLLEGE NOW STANDS, ON SHERBROOKE STREET.
(From a drawing kindly lent by P. S. Murphy, Esq.)

IN TERRA FELIX.

I.

It was at a crowded dance at the Ashburton's, of Telegraph Pole Avenue, that I first met her, and though I suppose I took it coolly enough at the time, it has seemed to me ever since as if such good luck were too much for me, and really must have been intended for some other fellow. I had been detained so long by an unexpected circumstance, that I had almost decided to turn in and go on with "The World Went Very Well Then," to the accompaniment of my best briar-root, when it occurred to me that I had promised Tom Owen, my chum, that I would certainly go, and that he had said his sister would be there. I had heard so much about this sister from time to time—her appearance, her manners, customs, and even extracts from her letters, that naturally enough I was not a little excited at the prospect of seeing her *propria persona*. I may say, in explanation, that this young lady, after finishing her education in Switzerland, had spent the following year and a half in England with her mother's family, "seeing society" and so forth, and had only now come out to take her place at home.

A cab kindly responded to my call, but it was after eleven, and there seemed very little prospect of my getting a dance with her, or, indeed, anyone, I thought disconsolately. Hardly was the door opened, however, when my arm was promptly seized, and Owen, in an injured tone, said:

"Hallo, chappie, turned up at last, eh? I've been hanging around for about four weeks waiting for you. It would serve you right if your dances hadn't been kept after all!"

"Been making engagements for me, Tom?" I said, laughing. "You are a cool hand!"

"Well, I told Mabel to keep two good ones for you, that's all."

"Your sister. By Jove! but I don't know her yet!"

"That doesn't make any difference."

"And what did she say?" I exclaimed.

"She! Oh, she laughed and said 'All right!' So, to make sure, I got her card and put you down for a couple. Come on, though, I don't think we have got to your number yet, and she's flirting outrageously with Smith."

I suggested that she might not choose to be interrupted in so pleasant an occupation; but with brotherly confidence he put my objections aside, merely remarking that Smith had had his innings on the way out. So, after paying my respects to the hostess, I followed him through a small hall, where, in an alcove, just big enough for two, sat a young girl of charming appearance, holding back the *portière* with one hand and evidently looking for some one. A dance having just finished, we had some difficulty in getting through the crowd. But at last I had the satisfaction of hearing my own name, which I knew before, and the deed was done. I am not going to try description as she sat there, with her lovely, animated face looking up at me, and a cloud of white, fluffy stuff—awfully pretty, by-the-by—spread out on the seat beside her. A few remarks were exchanged, her programme laughingly examined, to see what dances I might claim, when she exclaimed lightly:

"Oh! Mr. Smith, you are a man after my own heart!"

I was taken aback. For an instant I did not know what to say, but a voice close by me responded gallantly.

"Nothing I should like better, *ma belle*!" the latter decidedly *sotto voce*.

I turned hastily, and came face to face with a fine looking, fair man, carrying an ice in one hand and a glass of lemonade in the other. His manner was gaily off hand, but it did not need much astuteness to see the real turn of affairs.

"Your choice," he said, laughing, as the girl made room for him. "I have only just escaped with my life. What reward shall—the rest of the sentence was lost, for I had to dodge some promenaders hastily to avoid instant destruction."

Ours was the next dance, and to the intoxicating strains of *Les Yeux d'Amours*, my arm went round her slender waist. Never was a floor so perfect, music so charming, a partner more ditto, from the fair hair which almost brushed my shoulder to the tip of her dainty shoe. I have been told since that I danced more than once between that and our next, and the authority is excellent and unimpeachable. If so, I am not aware of it to this day, and have still a hazy idea that I only propped up a door in the interim, and watched that graceful, white figure, circling about the room. Once she smiled at me as she passed, and almost before I realized it, she was smiling at me again, and I was saying:

"I am sure you are awfully tired, are you not? I can see it in your eye without the slightest exertion!"

"Which eye," she said, gaily; "but I am, really. And you?"

"Awfully," I responded, with conviction. "How well you understand me! And there is a seat waiting for us in the hall; I have had my eye on it for the last nineteen dances, and it is now free. An interposition of the powers rewarding modest worth. May I?"

The hall was deserted, except by a miserable couple endeavouring to cheer each other up—an unsuccessful feat for the elderly young lady was scarcely concealing her yawns behind her fan, while the youth laboured manfully

to keep up a conversation. But we did not mind them, and they soon went away. That dance truly:

"The kisses that are never kissed,
Sad poets sing, are sweetest,
And opportunities we've missed,
Must ever seem the truest."

"But this is true, whatever may mar
The rest of Fate's bright chances,
The dances that we sit out at
The most delightful dances!"

I am not prepared to say that I actually fell in love at first sight; but one thing I do know, before the evening was over I had made up my mind that it was going to be a case of Smith cut Smith, a conclusion which never altered until it was decided, as you shall hear.

From that day I went everywhere. You get into lazy bachelor habits if you have no one to make you go about, and thither I had been drifting; but all that was at an end. Fortunately, we were in the same set, and I had always had the run of the Owens' house. So it is not necessary to say that my opportunities were not neglected. My namesake, however, did not allow the grass to grow under his feet any more than I did. Whether our rivalry was known to others, I am sure I don't know. We might have been good friends under other circumstances—Smith and I; but it makes me laugh now to think how we measured each other, or, rather, how I measured him, and how carefully his advantages were balanced against mine. For one thing, Smith was a stranger and most kindly received by Miss Mabel's father and mother, and an artist of no small reputation into the bargain. Then, too, the pleasant task of directing that young lady's already trained brush had been seized by him, so that I not unfrequently had to endure the sight of these two in close proximity over the easel, while conversation flowed briskly or languished, as the case might be, at the other end of the room. But, then, I could sing and he couldn't, and you can sing longer, or, at least, oftener, than you can talk about art. Moreover, no one played accompaniments like Tom's sister, with such expression, such a charming touch, or such good humour, while her voice, but I cannot tell you about that, only she was good enough to say mine went with it, and that there was nothing in the world so nice as singing duets.

After a while the field suddenly became clear, for Smith went away, most reluctantly, as any one could see; but winter and its charming effects will not last forever, even in Canada, and there were sketches to be made elsewhere. I was not sorry; but joy did not tarry long in my breast, for from that day Miss Mabel changed in a way that made me utterly wretched. Once in a while, it is true, I managed to get a coveted waltz by hanging about and dashing in whenever chance occurred; but the duets were given up. The girl had a cold, or her painting took up all the spare time she had, or something. Even our pleasant talks seemed always to be interrupted, and life became a burden. Over my solitary pipe, or in the long hours of the night, for sleep was coy, I tried to make out reasons for the change. But what was the use? A man's reason, or worse, a lawyer's reason, for a woman's. Bah! What an ass! She likes Smith, of course. Oh! heavens! the other Smith! Any fool could see that! So harder work than ever became my only solace. Sometimes mad thoughts of telling her all about it chased each other through my brain; but this was always in the wakeful nights aforesaid. Day, as it always does, brought more prosaic counsels. No benevolent uncle, unfortunately, had ever lain in wait for my unworthy youth—there was the rub—nor had fortune hitherto beamed upon me, except in the matter of my good partnership, so that my future position depended wholly upon personal efforts, and until now ambition had reigned supreme.

Lent began early that year, and the dances perforce stopped. I had no heart to go to *La Maison Choeu*, except now and then to make a duty call, and, indeed, by this time, I was almost glad if she were out. Tom, my chum, could make nothing of me, he said, and frankly reproached me with turning into a "crank," who should be left to his own devices. Nevertheless, he often turned up at my rooms, where we spent melancholy evenings together over our pipes. Sometimes I thought of confiding in him, but never could bring myself to the point. About that time a troublesome case, in which I was engaged, was decided in favour of my client; but amongst the many congratulations I received, hers alone seemed cold and forced, so that at last pride, or a substitute for the same, was aroused, and I vowed a solemn vow to care no more for such a scornful damsel—"If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?" and I went no more where she was to be seen.

II.

Spring was ruthlessly cut short by the hurried appearance of summer, and the uptown streets began to look deserted. Meeting Tom one morning, I was coolly informed that the family was on the point of transferring itself to summer camping quarters, and that his mother and the governor would like to see me before they left town. But, unfortunately, I had other engagements and could not, at any rate I did not go, and presently the house was shut up, as I found out in various moody evening prowls. Tom had gone with them, and twice hasty scrawls floated townwards, full of breezy life and jollity, urging me to join them; but I was nothing if not matter-of-fact just then, and each time my answer had been "too busy." One morning among my budget I pounced upon a square envelope addressed "Jewellyn Smith, Esq.," and I am not

ashamed to say my hand trembled a little as I opened it. Only a few lines and ran thus:

"TERRA FELIX, TUESDAY.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Tom has gone off in his canoe this morning, leaving me with instructions to write to you, and should I fail to do so, under penalties which I am not at liberty to mention. He says he has no time to write himself as he has all the work to do. Come and verify his statements or help him in his difficulties, will you not? I am told to ask very nicely if you cannot manage to put business aside for a couple of weeks, at least, and come to us. I am sure we shall all be delighted to see you." Then, with some general directions about train and boat, and with kind regards, she signed herself mine very sincerely. How pleasant that day was, I distinctly remember it even now, and how happy every one looked in spite of the heat. As the red sun went down, and I wended my way to a solitary dinner, an answer was despatched, mentioning a speedy departure.

At last I was off. All day, as each throb of the engine took me nearer to her, I had been thinking of the "one maid in all the world for me." Surely the kind gaiety of her note meant a return at least to the happiness of former days, and that for the present seemed almost enough. *Terra Felix*—it must be a happy omen—perhaps, after all, there was a chance for me! My reflections, also, I am bound to say, took the form of pious thanks that Smith, at least, was no more in my way. From time to time I had heard of him turning up in the city, but had not come across him for a long while, and the last news had been his name in a list of ocean-bound travellers. I had blessed the hour of his departure. I bore him no grudge. I even hoped he might have good weather and no *mal de mer*!

The summer day died slowly away, and the sun threw his level beams across the islands draped in heavy pine woods. The boat should have reached *Terra Felix* I had been told in time for six o'clock dinner; but it was not far from eight before I gathered from the passenger that we were nearing the famous island. They all seemed to know it. I stood on the deck anxiously looking forward, when suddenly a skiff containing a lady and gentleman attracted my attention as it rose on the rollers from the paddle-wheels. The summer moon casting her silvery beams across the waves shone full in the face of the lady. It was Mabel; but the man—could I believe my eyes—confound him! It was Smith!!

An overwhelming hatred of mankind in general, and Smith in particular, took possession of me. Recollections of the long bright day turned to bitterness. What a fool I had been to come at all—to subject myself to this—when I was just beginning to get over it too! But there was no time for gnashing of teeth, for a minute later we reached the little wharf, untenanted except by a solitary figure in a blue boating shirt holding a lantern.

"Hallo, Owen!" "Evening, Tom!" shouted several voices from the deck.

"Hallo!" responded the figure, lazily raising his lantern. "By Jove, I knew, that you?" and the next moment we were heartily shaking hands, while dodging sundry parcels and things thrown out as the boat backed from her moorings. "So you have come after all? Why didn't you let us know?"

I explained that my letter had been written three days before.

"You probably brought the letter along with you," he said gaily. "You must remember we are out of the world up here. Here it is, of course," he went on, neatly catching a flying mail bag. "You might think this a considerable mail for one small continent like this; but you see we are sort of district postmaster, as well as emperors in a small way. Very few of the other islands have wharves, so they have to come here for their things."

All this time we had been collecting the various packages, baskets, etc., and consigning them to a place of safety at hand.

"Now, if you're ready," remarked Tom, "I'll show you to *La Mere* and get you something to eat. You must be starved! The cook is nowhere, of course, and the girls are out on the water. But we will knock up something, and they'll all presently turn up at the camp fire."

"So Smith is here yet," I said, as coolly as possible, following my guide up the steep path.

"Yes; didn't you know?"

"How should I? I thought I saw his name in a ship's passenger list a week or two ago!"

"Perhaps you did,—but Johannes Smithianus is not an uncommon name, you know! He is going, though; to-morrow will see the last of him."

"If it only were the last," I said, savagely.

"Look here," said my friend, turning in the narrow path, and balancing the mail-bag on his shoulder, "what's the matter with you? Got it again, have you,—I thought it might have been only temporary! What has he ever done to injure you?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, what is the use of making an ass of yourself? I tell you he is a great favourite with us. *La Mere* and Mabel think the world of him!"

"I suppose so."

"Yes," he went on excitedly; "and when the women think a good deal of a fellow—"

"Couldn't we drop the subject," I interrupted, impatiently. "I have had about enough of Smiths, myself included, for the rest of my natural life."

"Of course; there is no earthly use in our fighting about Smith," he said, cooling down; "but, at any rate, he has

had a pretty good time with us," he added, laughing. "He says he will bring his wife out here next summer on his wedding trip, and show her what camp life is like."

"Wife—wedding trip," I shouted, trying to grasp the situation. "How do you mean?"

"Mean what I say, of course. Always do except when I say what I mean! Wedding trip—a jollification for two. Would you like me to spell it for you?"

"But, Tom," I began—

"But Llew! Oh, you poor old duffer! I begin to see—is that what it's all about? By Jove! Yes, of course, Smith is engaged to my cousin—cut me out, too, and I never told you. By Jove!"

Over the impromptu meal Tom rattled along, touching upon everything likely to interest an uninitiated visitor. Indeed, he did most of the talking; for the sudden clearing away of so much at a stroke had almost upset me. I don't think I paid much attention to what he was saying. He was the best of good fellows, was Tom, and just then the camp-fire engaged all his attention.

"It is compulsory—attendance, I mean," he went on facetiously, "every night except when it is raining pitch-forks or—or hailing cabs and omnibuses! We are a regular fire-worshipping crew, I assure you, and to not attend that or chapel under the trees on Sunday puts you outside the pale of civilization. And the bell tent—you shall be initiated to-night, my boy,—win your spurs, so to speak—no one but the women and children sleep in the house, you know! And the plunge off the spring-board before breakfast! Oh, we'll have you in fine shape before long. Nothing to do but enjoy yourself; for Smith has been teaching the girls—Mabel too," with a comical grin,—“to swim.”

"I haven't anything more to say about Smith," I responded, comfortably. "He is a man of whom I have the highest opinion. May his shadow never grow less!"

Tom laughed.

"It's queer," he said, striking another vein, "how lucky we are up here. Nothing has ever been known to get lost—that is, out and out. Things are always found again, sooner or later. A rum thing happened last year: One of our girls—guests, I should say—had a gold pencil she thought a lot of, and it went amissing. The last thing she remembered was writing out the numbers of the hymns for our very select choir on a Sunday morning. After lunch, we adjourned to a place called 'The Cliffs'—I must show it to you—and then the pencil was gone. High and low we hunted for it, but to no purpose. Miss Vaun took it quietly enough; but you could see she was rather cut up. Long after she had gone home, on our last Sunday, I believe, we were sitting out there as usual, rather glum at the idea of town-life again, when the governor, who had been absently picking up little bits of stick and shying them over into the water, suddenly gave an exclamation and held up the missing pencil. It was almost in the act of finding a 'watery grave' when he felt it was no twig, and nonchalantly glanced at it.

"By Jove!" I remarked, with originality.

"Yes," said Tom. "You would hardly believe it if you read it in a book; but it is true, nevertheless. Then there was Miss Wendel's ring—Mrs. Humphrey she is now—and her engagement ring at that! After being lost for two years, it turned up—where, do you think? You would never guess! Well, we were overhauling the sail-boat that year, and when the lining was ripped out of her the first thing we saw was the diamond ring securely wedged in between two planks—as safe as the bank."

"All's well that ends well," I laughed; "but isn't there a dark side to the general blessedness?"

"Well, of course, there was Rivers's watch! But we know where it is, if that were any consolation! Jim Rivers, of the British Lion Life, you know. He is very fond of sailing, and knows all about it, too! Up here he was out in the 'Nut Browne Mayde' from morning till night, and the girls were all glad to be with him, he was so safe, you know. Well, one day he was leaning over the gunwale with the sheet in his hand, looking at something, when his watch—he had on a guernsey with a breast pocket, and had forgotten to transfer the ticker to his trousers—fell out with a clomp! We all saw it going down for an instant, chain and all! By Jove, his face was a study! It has been down at the bottom, two hundred feet or so, for five years now, and has never turned up yet; so I don't suppose it ever will. But are you finished? The fire is lighted now, and there is the governor shouting for us. Don't you hear him? Come on."

It was a fine sight. The back log, ten feet in length and of great thickness, was supported by smaller logs heaped with brushwood. There was a rush and roar of leaping flames under the wide circle of over-arching trees, now dark, now lurid, in the uncanny fire-light. A quick glance took in the group of sitting and standing guests, but she was nowhere to be seen. As if he divined my thoughts, Owen said in a low voice:

"There is the boat; I hear her now! They will come up that path—no, that one. Go to meet—Smith!" and he gave me a slight push towards an opening in the trees.

I turned in the direction indicated. In a moment the merry voices seemed far away. Instead I could hear the regular lap, lapping of the little waves against the rocks below and the rattle of oars in the row-locks. Smith's voice called out:

"I had better take her round to the boat-house. You don't mind going up alone, do you?" and hers answered cheerfully:

"Not a bit. I shall manage very well!"

Was it all a dream, and should I waken presently and listen to the melancholy howl of the city dogs, until they got tired, or I dropped asleep again? But no, it was no dream! There was the gleam of a white dress among the trees, a low voice—the sweetest voice in all the world—humming to itself, and a turn in the path brought us face to face. Silence, absolute, entrancing silence, how long who shall say? Hand clasped hand, and eyes looked into eyes. The world drifted far away. No sound or memory came to us. Only the gentle evening breeze fanned us with invisible wings, and my sweetheart was near me once more under the glorious summer moon. Then her eyes went down, her hand fell by her side, and she said shyly, "I am very glad to see you," as we turned and walked side by side up the path. That was all. Ah, indeed! it was a Terra Felix to me—an Enchanted Island—a very Heaven upon Earth.

As we emerged from among the shadows, the group about the fire had taken up the old college song, "A Tall, Stalwart Lancer Lay Dying" and the fine harmonies of the chorus—

"Wrap me up in my old stable jacket, jacket,
And say a poor 'buffer lies low, lies low!"

floated up and was lost among the dense foliage of the trees. We stood listening until it was finished, and then proceeded to find seats among the gnarled roots which seamed the ground.

"Now it is my turn, said a laughing voice, and one of the girls held aloft a sheet of paper, eluding the grasp of my ex-foe with great dexterity. "It is a poem written specially for the occasion. It is by one Smith—you have all heard of him! I found it yesterday, and I am going to read it now. It is called 'Contentment, and the Song of a Siren.'"

Some called it warm that summer day,
And some again said naught—
But many sighed persistently
"Uncomfortably hot!"

My hammock 'neath two noble elms
Its filmy network swung—
And so as night crept down apace
Therein myself I flung.

The trembling stars peeped out to view
Things that they should not see:—
But that, of course, a matter was
Indifferent to me!

O drowsy hour! A climbing moon,
A breeze from somewhere sent,
And I'm in swinging hammock borne
In measureless content.

And thoughts of siren's haunting song
Gan through my brain to creep,—
And other things—with gentle "Ah,
I must have been asleep!"

My heart leaped up with sudden dread,
I knew what I should hear,
A distant murmur, then a pause—
And high and loud afar

My siren's song! "I come," she said,
"Your love I ask it not!"
"Mosquitoes! vampires! insect fiends!"
I shrieked, and fled the spot

And why a moral this should teach
I cannot, cannot tell—
For even when you're too content
Things turn out far from well.

A murmur of applause followed this production, and then quietness fell on us once more.

"It is a habit of ours," said Mabel, comfortably, with her head thrown back against the trunk of a great maple, and her hands loosely clasped upon her lap. "I don't know whether it is a sort of fascination, or what, but we often sit here looking at the fire for ever so long without saying a word!"

There was a pause. Presently Tom strolled across the wide circle with his hands in his pockets, and sat down near us, stowing away his long legs as best he could.

"You are requested, you two," he said, politely, looking from his sister to me, and back again, "to sing something. Must be a duet. The governor says, 'I Saw from the Beach,' if you have no objection."

"Have you any objection, Miss Owen?" I said.

"No, certainly not."

"Nor a cold?"

"Oh, no," with some surprise.

"Nor a painting lesson—nor calling—nor shopping—nor cooking lectures—nor philanthropic—"

"Oh, no, no," she interrupted, laughing, "positively nothing. Like Budge and Toddie nothin', nor nothin', nor nothin'—is that convincing enough?"

"It is," I responded, gratefully, "and this is the key, I think, um-m m. Now!"

"I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on,
I came when the sun o'er the beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the water was gone!

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm of our night
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light!"

I don't remember how the rest of the evening went. To me it was all too short. There was no more singing, however, and by-and-by the men reached with one accord for their logging hooks.

"It would never do," said our host, cheerfully, "to leave the fire like this, you know. We always have to pull it down at night," and fell to work with a will.

When the great pile was demolished and the fire was safely stamped out, we gathered up our belongings and followed the ladies, who had disappeared in the darkness.

Bright and early next morning Tom and I were down at the wharf, hoisting the signal flag to bring in the steamer.

"We try to be hospitable, you know, but we shouldn't like to let Smith miss her," said Tom, with a grin at me, as he sent the bright pennon aloft. "Besides—not like you—he actually wants to go!"

After breakfast we all escorted the hero of the hour to meet his doom. Was he more than a little sorry at the last, and did he hold Mabel's hand longer than was strictly necessary? I don't know, for the simple reason that I didn't look! To me, with friendly heartiness, he said:

"Make the best of your time, Smith. Glad to leave one of the clan behind me," and in a lower tone added, "Wish you joy, old man!" Then he jumped aboard, the steamer resumed her way, and I wished there were more fellows in the world like Smith, of the name of John.

My two weeks proved very elastic, and luckily nothing happened to call me back to town. Day by day the "Nut Browne Mayde" spread her graceful sail, and sped from island to island on the freshening breeze, and day by day the fishers went forth to fish, and the rowers to row, and the berry-pickers to pick berries. Night after night the waning moon rose undimmed, and the mighty fire crackled and roared, throwing myriads of sparks aloft into the night, and then the conclusion of the whole matter came, so quietly, so unpretentiously, that I don't in the least remember how it all happened. In the hush of a late afternoon, it chanced that we two, having strayed away from the others, stood together at the edge of a little bay. My arm had somehow got round her slender waist, and the tears upon her dear, upturned face were not all her own.

"Why do you make it so hard for me?" I said.

There was a pause, and then:

"Oh, my dear—my dear, how blind you are," she said, suddenly lifting herself and throwing her arms about my neck, "what else could I do? There was not a moment—not one—when I did not think of you, from the very first, and I—I thought I was telling you all the time."

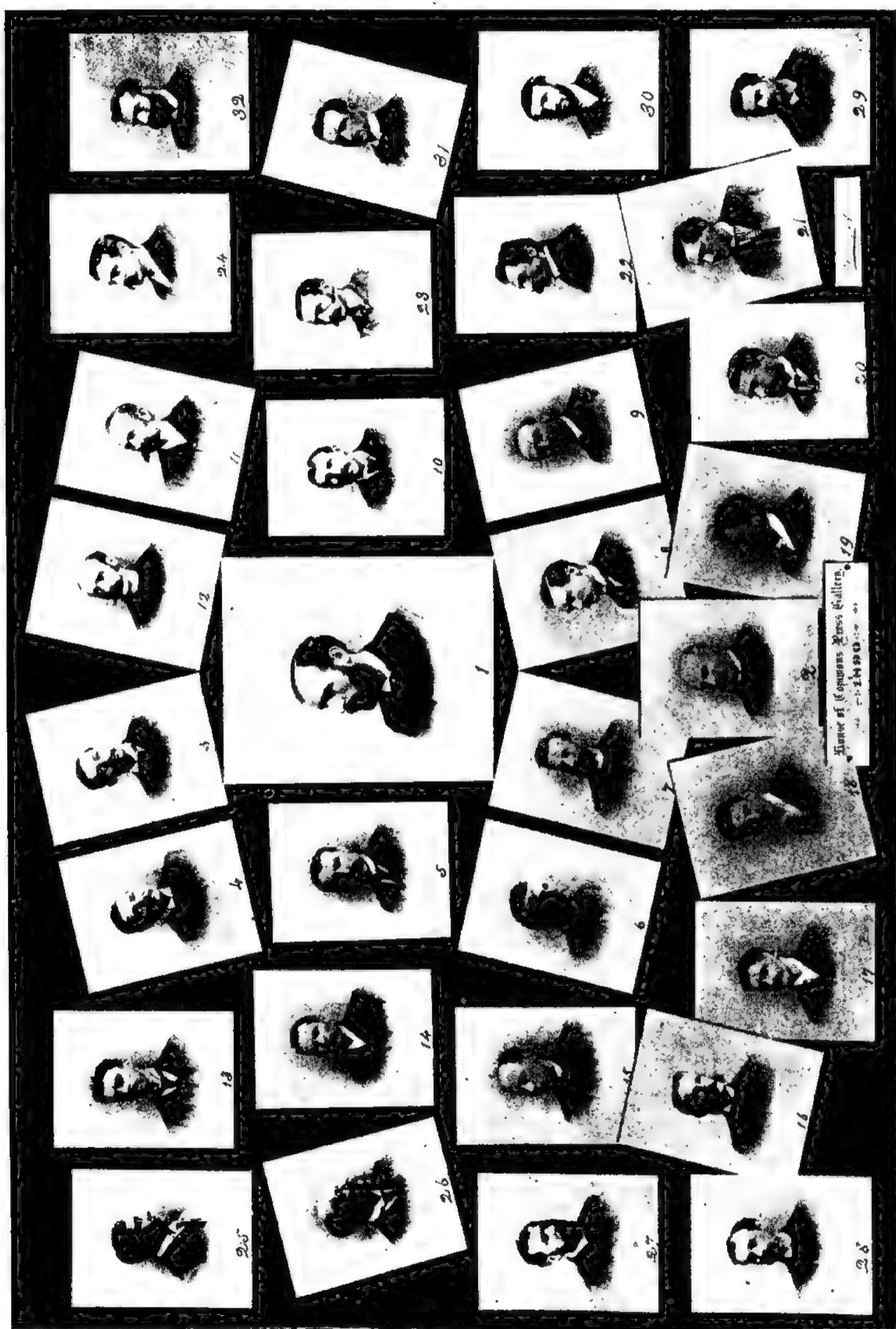
The blue waters of the lake rippled at our feet, the breeze fluttered the leaves over our heads, and the "clouds and tears of morning" were all gone, never to come between us any more, leaving perfect joy and perfect friendship in Terra Felix.

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

A LEARNED PRINTER.

We regret to record the death of Mr. William Blades, which took place early on Sunday morning at his residence at Sutton, Surrey. He was one of the learned printers of his day, worthy to be classed with Ames, Bowyer, Nichols and others. He was born at Clapham in 1824. His first literary effort was a reprint, of 1858, of Caxton's "Governayle of Helthe," with an introduction and notes; and a facsimile of Du Castel's "Morale Prouerbes" followed in 1859. His principal work, "The Life and Typography of W. Caxton," in two quarto volumes, appeared in 1861-3. His other writings upon Caxton were a catalogue of books from Caxton's press (1865), "How to Tell a Caxton" (1870), and "The Biography and Typography of William Caxton" (1877). "A List of Medals, &c., in connexion with Printers," first issued in 1868, was afterwards enlarged and published in 1883 as "Numismata Typographica; or, the Medallie History of Printing." This work was largely founded upon the medals in his own collection, which is believed to be the largest of its kind. In 1870 he published two privately printed papers, "A List of Medals Struck by Order of the Corporation of London," and "Typographical Notes," reprinted from the *Bookworm*. He wrote "Shakespeare and Typography" in 1872, and "Some Early Type-specimen Books" in 1874, the latter being principally compiled from books in his own possession. A reprint of the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers" followed in 1887, and another of "The Boke of Saint Albans" in 1881. A charming little book appeared in 1881 entitled "The Enemies of Books," which speedily went through three editions, the first of which is now scarce. In 1885 he published an account of the German morality play, entitled "Deposito Cornuti Typographici," and in 1887 a pamphlet on the question, "Who was the inventor of Printing?" His last work, now left unfinished, was a monthly series of "Bibliographical Notes," originally read before the Literary Association. Mr. Blades was a frequent contributor to the *Athenaeum* and *Notes and Queries*. He was a member of the council of the Printers' Pension Fund and a liveryman of the Scriveners' Company. He married in 1862, and leaves a widow and seven children.—*London Times*.

A paper recently contributed by Mr. H. S. Poole to the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers gives some interesting information concerning the oldest railway in British North America, which has been in continuous operation since 1838. It was built to connect the coal mines of Pictou, Nova Scotia, with the shipping ground five miles down the river, and in 1838 the first locomotive in Canada ran over the road. The railroad continued to carry both freight and passengers until last fall, when it was abandoned and the shipping of coal transferred from the South Pictou Railroad terminus to wharves at the mouth of the harbour, access to which is obtained over a branch of the Inter-colonial Railway.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS PRESS GALLERY, 1890.

(Pittaway & Jarvis, photo.)

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|--|---|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. J. S. Willson, Toronto Globe. | 17. Fred. Williams, Montreal Gazette. | 25. C. Whitney, Ottawa Free Press. | 31. George Simpson, Toronto Empire. |
| 2. M. St. John, editor Montreal Herald. | 18. W. E. Burgess, Montreal Herald. | 26. A. C. Pertram, North Sydney Herald. | 32. F. Calder, La hute Watchman. |
| 3. W. A. Harkin, Montreal Star. | 19. J. A. Garvin, Toronto News. | 27. A. C. Pertram, North Sydney Herald. | |
| 4. M. Vidal, L'Electeur, Quebec. | 20. M. O. Scott, Ottawa Journal. | 28. James Cameron, Toronto Mail. | |
| 5. J. P. Gorman, editor Ottawa Free Press. | 21. W. Smith, Montreal Star. | 29. R. McLeod, Ottawa Citizen. | |
| 6. H. Wallis, Ottawa Free Press. | 22. Oscar McDonald, Le Canada, Ottawa. | 30. F. A. Hackland, Toronto Globe. | |
| 7. A. C. Campbell, Toronto Globe. | 23. John A. Johnson, St. John, N. B. Sun. | | |
| 8. A. F. Wallis, Toronto Mail. | 24. Fred Jones, St. John, N. B. Globe. | | |



THE ROYAL VISIT.—SPRUCE TREE, 44 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE, IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC BY STEAMER.

THREE RIVERS, DESCHAMBAULT, POINTE AUX TREMBLES AND ST. AUGUSTIN.

II.

Let us bid adieu to Sulte's quaint, native city. On sped, under the veil of night, our good steamer, successively shooting past innumerable beacons and headlands, each with a story of its own in Canadian annals. Pine-clad Cape Lauzon, of old charts, now Deschambault, half way between Three Rivers and Quebec. Tradition has handed down sad tales of the luckless New Englanders hurrying home during the inauspicious winter of 1775-6 from their rash invasion of Canada, dropping down exhausted as they trudged over the snowdrifts at Deschambault, victims of smallpox or dysentery, their stiffened remains thrust uncoffined in holes dug in orchards and whitened meadows on the wayside. The place teems also with the warlike memories of 1759.

Deschambault, until the Grand Trunk Railway in 1853 monopolised the winter traffic and passengers of the Red and Blue Lines of stages, was a noted mid-day halting-place for them; the tired roadsters had a rest and feed; the travellers their dinner at the wayside inn, and new relays were ordered. The antique Deschambault Manor of yore, the cherished summer retreat of Chief-Justice Sir James Stuart, Bart., is now owned by a distinguished Canadian, *littérateur* and sportsman, George M. Fairchild, Jr., the originator of the Canadian Club at New York.

We next headed with a full pressure of steam for Pointe-aux-Trembles, and heard at the early dawn the whistle of the little market steamer Etoile. This parish, one of the oldest on the shore of the St. Lawrence, is fringed with low, fertile meadows, with a background of lofty heights, studded with orchards and graceful elms. During the great siege several encounters took place between the English and French forces. Wolfe, Murray, Levis, Dumas were once familiar names to the peasantry of Pointe-aux-Trembles.

A party of 1,200 of Fraser's Highlanders and Grenadiers, says Panet, were despatched to Pointe-aux-Trembles under General Wolfe in person, under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo,* on the 21st of July, 1759, and captured a number of Quebec French ladies, who had sought a refuge there during the bombardment. The English were fired on by about 40 Indians; but succeeded about half-past three in the morning, having surrounded the houses round the church, in capturing about thirteen ladies. The fair captives were Mesdames Couillard, Duchesnay, De Charney, with her mother and her sister. The Joly, Malhiot and Maynau families formed part of them. They were treated with every kind of respect. Young General Wolfe headed the detachment under the guidance of Major Robert Stobo, who, it seems, made several pretty speeches to the ladies—"qui a fait biens des compliments."

"What was worse," remarks Panet, "was that whilst the British soldiery did them no harm, the Indians (allies of the French) pillaged the houses and property of nearly all these unfortunate refugees."—(Panet's "Journal of the Siege," p. 13.)—"Each captive for the day bore the name of her captor."

It sounds odd that it should have seemed necessary to detail 1,200 British Grenadiers, etc., to capture thirteen French ladies. One likes to recall this romantic incident in the career of Miss Lowther's admirer, James Wolfe—the chivalrous gallantry of the young soldier towards beauty in distress. Next day the fair Quebecers were brought home in boats and landed at Ance des Mères at 3 p.m., orders having been sent by the General to the English fleet to stop firing on the city until 9 p.m., in order to afford the captives time, after their release, to retire to a place of safety. Who was on that 21st of July, 1759, Madame Wolfe, Madame Stobo or Madame Frazer? What a lark for the sons of Mars to enliven their next home letters?

At Pointe-aux-Trembles occurred during the spring of 1760 the engagement between the French frigates with an overwhelming portion of the British fleet, brave Captain de Vauclain, of the Atlantic, winning by his spirited, though unsuccessful defence, the respect of worthy foes.

The next headland is the bluff at the mouth of the roaring Jacques Cartier stream, where frowned the grim old fort of that name. There bivouacked, on the 14th of September, 1759, the routed French legions. The ditches round the vanished fortress are still visible.

Not very far, lower down, is a lurking boulder, visible at half tide, known to this day as *La Roche à Jacques Cartier*. A vague, unreliable tradition, goes on to say that one of the vessels of the great Saint Malo captain struck and was wrecked on this treacherous, hidden rock.

So soon as rosy-fingered Aurora had oped the portals of the east, I was up and pacing the deck of the steamer, when a famous *raconteur*, M. G. M. F—, accosted me, and, pointing to the faint outline of the old Grist Mill, on the bank of the river, and to the *Calvaire* close by, dating from 1697, he asked me if I could notice on the beach any remains of the first church at St. Augustin.

"Did you," he added, "ever hear the story of the great black horse who carted the greater portion of the stone for the foundation wall of the first church or chapel of St. Augustin? This was, as you may be aware, a wooden structure, built at L'Ance à Maheut, about ten acres from the main road, in 1690, on the beach. The second church

dates 1720, some distance from the first; the present one, a comparatively recent structure."

On my replying in the negative, he lit his cigar and said:

"Two centuries back, where you now see round here water a fathom and more at light tide, was dry land. The population formed a mission—the mission of La Côte Saint Ange. A notable portion of the settlers in primitive Canada were originally from Normandy. Normans are famous for their love of lawsuits. There must have been several located here, judging from their cantankerous disposition when the site and size of the future chapel was mooted. One faction wanted the place of worship to be just large enough for the settlement at L'Ance à Maheut without a steeple. The opposition, a progressive body with an eye to the future, insisted on a larger building with a lofty steeple, and a cross surmounted by a cock—the Gallic cock of course.

"After several noisy conclaves of the notables, the steeple was carried, but the cross and cock were dropped on the score of expenditure. It was remarked that the loudest in denouncing the emblem of Christianity, as unnecessary expense, was a colonist recently arrived from Paris, a swarthy fellow, whose visage was covered with a heavy bluish beard, wearing a black velvet *justaucorps*. However, he spoke loud and fluently, and was evidently a man of some means, as he had ridden to the meeting on horseback, but had refused to dismount, alleging that his steed, a coal black, fiery Norman roadster, would not stand unattended, and that he alone could master him. The animal, it was remarked, was very restless, and wore a species of spiked, double bridle, which the rider jocosely remarked had not been removed for a year and a day. The mysterious stranger spoke so fair and seemed to enter so readily in the all absorbing project of church building, that it required but few arguments on his part to have his offer accepted, when he tendered for the cartage of all the stone required for the foundation walls."

"The agreement, a very concise one, was jotted down on a sheet of birch bark by the scribe of the settlement, who counted on being chosen beadle of the future parish. He was a jolly, fat fellow, and boasted of having already found an appropriate name for the fiery, black horse, whom he christened, on account of his sleek, shiny, satin-like coat, 'Satan,' playing on the words. The *Seigneur* and father of the settlement, on being asked to become a party to the contract and to affix his signature thereto, drew forth from its scabbard the short sword which the French king's retainers usually wore, not, however, with any evil intent, but to use the point in writing his mark, a cross (X), on the book. This made Satan's owner wince, but the feudal magnate heeded him not, telling the scribe to add the usual closing formula—"Et le dit seigneur en sa qualité de gentilhomme a déclaré ne savoir signer."

"The very next day at sunrise (the nine-hour day's work was not yet in fashion), Satan, suitably harnessed to a rude *charette*, made his appearance, led by his master.

"What a worry for the poor beast, every one exclaimed, that heavy spiked double bridle must be when he is to be fed or watered? Why, one would imagine it was never intended to be removed? There was evidently something strange, sinister, verging on the mystery about the whole turnout? How Satan did paw the earth, show his long, white teeth, put down close to his head his delicately formed ears, as if in a chronic stage of rage, when strangers approached him?

It became an established fact that the bridle was to remain as tight as possible on the animal when he was brought at noon to get a drink from a neighbouring spring. A late incident left no doubt on this point, else there would be trouble. On a recent occasion, when the farmers around had assembled, on their way home, at noon, to repeat the *Angelus*, close to the spot where the *Calvaire* was erected, in 1798, and to water the horses, Satan, being led, like the rest, to the refreshing draught, a peasant said to his master: "Why don't you remove his bridle and give him a chance to drink comfortably?"

To which the mysterious stranger replied with an emphatic "No," and the peasant, still pressing him, was met with a dreadful oath, uttered by Satan's master. "*Tors mon âme au bout d'un piquet.*"[†] However, as this last feat rested merely on the *ipse dixit* of a superstitious old crone, Satan and his owner were allowed to proceed, unmolested, with the contract, though the future beadle on noticing the huge boulders carted by Satan, without any apparent effort, had openly stated to the *Seigneur*—crossing himself—"C'est le Diable! 'Tis the Devil!"

The beadle's daughter, a rosy-cheeked, romping lass, had secretly told her mother a curious story about the strange contractor, adding, though she liked him: "*Ça paraît être un beau monsieur, mais j'en ai peur.*" Bravely, however, was the work going on for a full week; so rapidly, in fact, that the contractor drew in advance a large portion of the price agreed on. On the following Saturday, just when all except himself were preparing to kneel to repeat the *Angelus*, the future beadle, out of pure cussedness, though some said it was through curiosity—while Satan's master, who had just pocketed a whole week's instalment in advance, was, with his back turned, paying a gallant compliment to the beadle's blooming daughter—led Satan to the well, tugged and pulled at the double bridle until he succeeded in

*The reader desirous of obtaining fuller particulars of the erection of the early churches at St. Augustin, County of Portneuf, are referred to my "Album du Touriste," pp. 112-3-4, and foot notes thereon.

†A picturesque expletive in frequent use by the old *voyageurs des pays d'en haut*.

slipping it off, when lo and behold! Satan disappeared in a cloud of blue flame and sulphur smoke. . . . Endless were the lawsuits and discord which followed; of course, all caused by the interference of the devil in church matters.

"Well, Mr. F—, this is a capital story. I was going to observe how risky it is to unbridle a spirited horse when brought out to make him drink; but you want me to believe that, as a fact, *Diabolus* has occasionally interfered in church matters, in Canada as well as elsewhere."

From the deck of the steamer we could discern, canopied by the green woods, on the lofty river bank at St. Augustin, the long, mossy white house, where the historian of Canada, Frs. X. Garneau, was born on the 13th June, 1809.[†]

I recollect my dear old friend once relating to me how Louis Garneau, his aged sire, had told him the thrilling account of the encounter which, as a boy, in 1760, he had witnessed from the verandah of this old tenement, between the *Atalante*, commanded by brave Captain de Vauclain (so ungratefully requited on his return to France for his life-long devotion to the interest of the French king) with English men-of-war.

A short distance lower down we steamed past the lugubrious ledge, visible at low tide, where, on the 22nd June, 1857, at about 5 p.m., the ill-fated old steamer *Montreal*, on her daily trip from Quebec, loaded with Irish emigrants, in flames from bow to stern, was beached as a last resort. Two hundred of her despairing passengers, with some well remembered Quebecers, attempting to swim from the burning craft, were that day consigned to a watery grave, within hail of the shore, one of the most heartrending among the many marine disasters which darken our annals.

On we sped, in the cool of the early morn, whilst the orb of day poured its purple light over one of the most enchanting river views on the continent, localities for ever enshrined in early Canadian history—Cap Rouge and its lofty bluff where Jacques Cartier and Roberval wintered more than three and a half centuries ago. The green banks of Sillery Cove, where, in 1657, existed the Jesuit mission house, amidst the Algonquin and Montagnais wigwams. Convent Cove, where, for three and a half years, piously ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of their neophytes the *Hospitalières* (Hotel Dieu) nuns, until incessant Iroquois alarms forced them back to Quebec on the 29th May, 1644.

On we sped, past the little monument erected by the inhabitants of Sillery and consecrated on 26th June, 1870, to the memory of Commander Noël Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta—the munificent founder of the settlement—sacred also to the memory of good Father Enimond Massé, the first missionary of Canada, peaceably resting since the 12th May, 1646, under the chancel of his little chapel of St. Michael, whose walls are now raised level with the shore, but whose foundations are still perceptible under the sod a few yards south of the monument. In rear, on the opposite side of the road, still stands with its massive walls three feet thick, transformed into a school house, the Jesuits' former residence, known to the inhabitants as "The Manor"—the oldest house in Canada, dating back to 1637.

As the boat shot past we caught a glimpse, among the trees mantling the Sillery heights, of Clermont, erected there in 1850 by the late Hon. R. E. Caron, one of our most respected administrators, now the ornate home of Lt.-Col. Ferdinand Turnbull, Inspector of our Dominion Cavalry. It adjoins Beauvoir, whose extensive conservatories and vinerias are not in view from the river.

Soon loomed out lofty Pointe-à-Pizeau, once a famous trysting place for the Red Man. The handsome St. Columba church, like a diadem, now crowns the historic old point since 1854.

Close by, in St. Michael's Cove, stood, in 1841, Monsieur Pierre Puiseaux's sumptuous abode, where the founder of Montreal, Chomedy de Maisonneuve, Mdle. Mance, with the soldiers and farmers, colonists for Montreal, found a roof to shelter them during the winter of 1642.[‡]

We were rapidly drawing near the indentation in the shore, at the foot of Marchmont Hill—now named after the conquering hero of the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe's Cove—where the British Grenadiers and Scotch Highlanders were silently mustering at dawn on the 13th September, 1759, for assault.

A few more revolutions of the paddles and the steamer, having passed inside of the Fly Bank, was creeping leisurely along the decayed wharves and half submerged piers, close to the precipice where luckless Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery's conquering career was arrested for ever. "HERE FELL MONTGOMERY" was inscribed in white letters on a black board, attached to the rock sufficiently high above to be read from the deck of river craft. Five minutes more and our trusty steamer, taking a sheer, was rounding out—within full view of Orleans' verdant isle, four miles distant—to her berth at the Napoleon wharf.

I quitted the saloon of the steamer after exchanging a friendly nod with her genial old commander, Capt. Nelson, trying to treasure in as many as possible of the glorified memories of the past, associated with the noble expanse of water just travelled over. From the haunted halls of

† "Mon vieil aïeul, courbé par l'âge, assis sur la galerie de sa longue maison blanche, perchée au sommet de la butte qui domine la vieille église de Saint-Augustin, nous montrait, de sa main tremblante, le théâtre du combat naval de l'*Atalante* avec plusieurs vaisseaux anglais, combat dont il avait été témoin dans son enfance. Il aimait à raconter comment plusieurs de ses oncles avaient péri dans des luttes héroïques de cette époque, et à nous rappeler le nom des lieux où s'étaient livrés une partie de ces glorieux combats restés dans ses souvenirs." *Biographie de F. X. Garneau*, par l'abbé H. N. Casgrain.

‡ "Une maison regardée dans les temps comme le bijou du Canada."—The gem of Canada.

*Major R. Stobo, who had been for three years a prisoner of war in Quebec, was well acquainted with its environs.

memory rushed out in full panoply of success, of war, occasionally of victory, the illustrious dead: Jacques Cartier, Champlain, de Tracy, de Frontenac, Phipps, de la Galissonnière, Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray, Cook, Bougainville, Arnold, Montgomery, and on stepping again on our historic soil, I, turning to my genial *compagnon de voyage*, said to him:

"*Siste, viator heroem calcas.*"

QUEBEC, 1890.

J. M. LE MOINE.

HYMN TO EROS.

Yo! for the Never-aging! the boy of the bow of pearl!
Come Hours! put on your sandals: Air, gather all your voices:
Brown daughter of king Pandion, trill: coo, dove; and whistle, merle;
And sigh sweet breeze that is never away when Nature's heart rejoices.
Sing small contented humming bee, and every sweet-toned thing!
Come loud-laughed maids of Dian, with noise of rattling quivers,
With chirp of trees and lisp of seas and rhyme of running rivers,
And choir around the spot in which are sly-eyed satyrs peeping,
Where bends above the cradle bed whereon young Love is sleeping,
Cytherea the beautiful,—singing songs of his father the king,
(The son of ox-eyed Juno, and lord of the spear and glaive)
And telling the boy in the bassinet how his most royal sire
When captive ta'en by the Mother of Love became her lord and slave,
And suffered his levin bolts to rust and let out his forge of fire
In the winey isle of Cyprus—that gem in the milk-white ring
Of foam that rims the shelly sands of the Aspelian wave.

Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!

Eros! Eros! is young!

Let the hair be loosed, be loosed, and harp be strung.

O summer winds! bring the roses at the touch of your flying feet,
And carpet with blushing petals the floor of his bower of boughs,
And, O ye rays of the sunlight! illumine the summer seat
Where the lad delights to linger, or, frolicsome, to house
In the pendant sprays of linden limbs, or in nests of birds on high,
To launch his spark-tipped arrows at the maidens passing by,—
Yes! yes! ye balmy-breathing Hours, with all your roses blowing,
Trip on the primrose-sprinkled mead and see Child Eros growing
In ruddy beauty unfolding as moss-rose from its wraps;
And deepen the pits of his dimples with pats of finger tips,
And fondle his round limbs beneath his curt and white cymar,
And watch his gambols rushing forth as greyhounds from the slips,
Or see him climb demurely on a knee—triumphal car—
To let the budding, browned-browed girls have Young Love on their laps,
His warm hands paddling in their necks, and kisses on their lips.

Chaunt in numbers mild

Eros! Eros! the Child,—

For the love of the child is undefiled.

Airily twang the rebec; breathe the soft Æolian flute;
Beat a gladsome ruffle on the tightened kidskin drum;
Young men! join your voices in, let not singing girls be mute,—
Chaunt epithalamium, for the Bride and Bridegroom come!
He with all the port and bearing of his gallant father Mars,
She like Venus Aphrodité when she rose up from the waters,—
(Fairest child of fairest mother in the court of Saturn's daughters)
He with odic forces breathing, seething from each beating vein,
She with all her heart responsive throbbing to his heart again,
With her fine eyes fitful blazing like the gleams of mist-swept stars,—
Their hue the hue of happiness, their light the light of chastened flame.
As the orient noontide drinks draughts of sunlight's quickening fire,
So her being, soft, receptive, all his bolder feelings tame,
And her love is glorified by the warmth of chaste desire,
For she feels her vestal angel's hand is letting down the bars

And a tremour shakes, like leaves, the fibres of her delicate frame.

Room for the Bridal! room!

Eros! Eros! the groom,—

Let citron blossoms wave and torches lume.

Who comes along the highway, girt by guards in gilt cuirasses

And lances shedding rainbows from their tips of diamond flame,

Heralded by braying trumpets and the clash of smitten brasses?

Love, the Lord and the Avenger! Young Love changed, and yet the same.

Spotted panthers in the harness of his falchion-axled car,
Stealthily and velvet-footed march along and champ their tushes

Till from their ensanguined jaws out the blood in red gouts rushes,

Which they lick up—looking askance at the crowd of frightened faces:

His own eyes are fierce and cruel as the beasts that pull the traces,

Full of stern suspicion, as dictators' glances are;

Woe! to think that out of love jealousy should rise—and scorn!

Woe! for shallow passion sated! Woe! for disappointed hopes!

Woe! the unattainable, that leaves the spirit crushed and torn!

Woe! that heart in wilful bonds should perish tugging at the ropes!

That beneath the masque of love there should lie so deep a scar,

And bitter hate from ashes of rejected love be born!

It needeth much to convince

This is Eros! the Prince—

Child in his cot a handful of years since.

Falleth the snow in summer; Doth the young beard turn to grey?

Is it not the autumn time when ripens the yellow rye?

Love that is of woman born cannot hope to flower for aye,
Though it live in summer time with the winter it must die.

And as winter with ice-lances from the arctic land advances,

Eros wraps him in a mantle of the feathers of the eider,
And the dame bride feels the chill, though she have her Love beside her,

For the maiden's blooming freshness with the summer goeth south,

And her sweets of love have melted with the kisses of her mouth;

Aye! the lava stream of passion in young veins that boils and dances

Chilleth to a tepid current, and love grows subdued to kind,

Till the mocking mimes of Bacchos, with quick eyes and pricked-up ears,

Note the change and scoffing say "Love he groweth blind!"

Praise to Love the Quiet!—constant! Praise to Love that loves for years;

Truer than the warmth of passion, warmer far than youth's romances

Is the love that feeds on fondness. Laud to quiet, loving mind!

Yet must the truth be told,

Eros he groweth old

When hair is snowy and heart is cold.

Then on altar wanes the flame that once made the heart a shrine;

Dims the roseate aureole; Hymen stoops with torch depressed;

All the joys of vanished passion range them in funereal line,

Flamens like the ghosts of mem'ries, all in weeds of violet dressed,

Or the lonesome shades that wait attendant on the unburied slain;

And the Cupids, fluttering wildly, all dejectedly are crying
With their piping voices "Ai, ai, Eros lies a-dying,"

For his form is waxing dimmer till it goes out in the glimmer,

And a young Boy Love is lying 'mong the roses in the shimmer

Of the shifting scenes that ope the temple of the heart again;

Till rejuvenate the glory—till a flush of roseate hue
Limns upon life's vivid curtain all the pageant of the past,

And in radiant youthful prime, Love the Strong, the Brave, the True,

Stands as central figure grandly, and so very like the last
That the warm blood throbs the question fiercely through each beating vein,

"Is this the old love or another? Is it the Old or New?"

Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!

Eros is ever young!

For from the old dead Love new Loves have sprung.

HUNTER DUVAR.

MOTHER EARTH.

They tell of other homes from thee afar;
We know not what, we know not where they are.
Whatever and wherever they may be,
They seem so distant when compared to thee.
Thy teeming children in the east and west
Derive their nourishment from out thy breast;
And priceless jewels thy fair shoulders grace
To be the playthings of our ancient race.
While in and out twines many a garland fair
Of flowers, among the richness of thy hair—
That shimmering shows the golden waves of light
Or hides upon the dusky pillow, night.
Thy garments are the slopes of velvet green
And all the ocean's crests of silver sheen.
We hear while wandering thy paths along
In storm thine anger, or thy joys in song.
The wailing winds are but thy sobs and sighs;
The clouds, the well-springs of thy weeping eyes,
Led by thy hand, our little journey past,
We sink to rest upon thy breast at last.
Forgive us if, poor children of a day,
We cling too fondly to thine earthly way.
Those homes afar, of which we wondering hear,
They seem so distant, and thou art so near.

—ACUS.

NEW INVENTION IN GLASS INDUSTRY.

An invention has been perfected in the glass industry which, it is stated, will accomplish a complete revolution in that branch of manufacture. Until the present it has only been possible to produce sheet glass by blowing a hollow cylinder, which was then cut, separated, and polished. An American glass manufacturer has now succeeded in producing glass plates of great breadth and of any desired length by means of rolling. Glass thus produced is said to possess a far greater homogeneity, firmness, and transparency, and it has, on the upper surface, a brilliancy which is hardly to be distinguished from art plate glass. The material part of the invention consists in the application of the peculiar, undulated, hollow metal rollers, heated from the inside by means of steam or gas. These rollers seize the sticky, liquid glass, which is conducted to them from the bottom of a melting-tub, without the intervention of any other apparatus whatever. To prevent the soft glass from adhering to the rollers, the latter are covered with an extremely thin coating of wax. If the new process is extensively used, window glass will be considerably cheapened.—*English Mechanic*.

A VEGETARIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

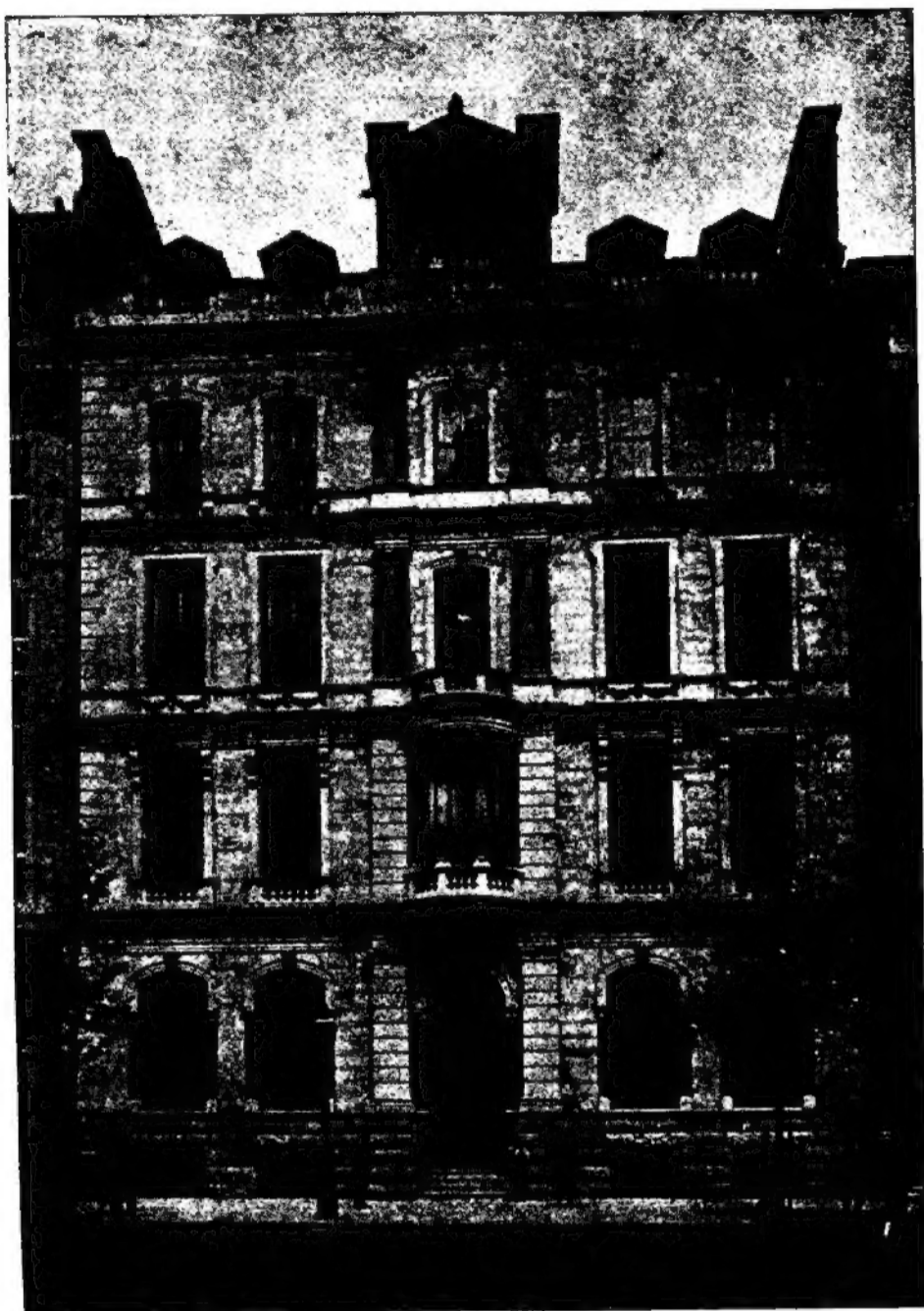
Mr. John Borroughs, the naturalist and author, who gave up the use of meat some three years ago, is quoted as expressing himself in the following manner, in answer to the question what apparent effect the omission of meat eating had upon his health: "I find I need less physical exercise," said Mr. Borroughs, "that my nerves are much steadier, and that I have far fewer dull, blank, depressing days; in fact, all the functions of my body are much better performed by abstaining from meat. In summer I make very free use of milk; at other seasons I cannot touch it. I eat one egg a day, usually for breakfast; I eat oysters, fish and fowl, oatmeal, hominy, beans and a great deal of fruit of all kinds. When I can get good buttermilk I want no better drink. There is great virtue in buttermilk. Two years ago I gave up the use of coffee, and think I am greatly the gainer by it. Certain periodical headaches with which I was afflicted I attributed to coffee. If I missed my coffee in the morning I was sure to have a bad headache. Since I have left off coffee my headaches are much lighter, and the character of them has entirely changed. They leave me on the going down of the sun."

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

There are now placed in the Museum at Pompeii the plaster casts of the bodies of two men and a woman, taken from impressions made in a stratum of ashes outside the Stabian Gate. One of the men had fallen on his back, and the other, which is remarkably perfect, on his side, while the woman lies on her face with her arms stretched out. The impression of the tree with foliage and fruit has been examined and found to be a variety of the *laurus nobilis*, the round berries of which ripen in late autumn; and, as the impression found shows the fruit to have been ripe, it seems to prove that the destruction of Pompeii did not occur in August, as believed by many, but in November.

AN EMPRESS'S GIFT.

The mortuary chapel at Farnborough, near London, Eng., where the remains of Napoleon III. and the hapless Prince Imperial are interred, has just been endowed with a beautiful and interesting gift. It is an altar cloth shaped and trimmed by the hands of the Empress. The cloth is made from the gown worn thirty-seven years ago, when Mdle. Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, was married at the Tuileries to Napoleon III. The altar cloth is trimmed with the lace and embroidery which ornamented the wedding gown. It is perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic tribute ever laid near a tomb by a widow.



ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE,
NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

HUMOUROUS.

COUNTRY RECTOR: I haven't seen you at church lately. Old Woman: No, sir; I heered as how it was very unhealthful to sleep in the day time.

TED: How did you keep that other fellow from taking your girl out driving? Ned: When she asked if I objected I told her not in the least. She didn't want to go with him then."

NOT INTERESTED.—First Woman: Is that young man married? Second Woman: No, indeed. Why, when I showed him my baby he did not even ask how old it was or if it had any teeth.

SHE KNEW HER MOTHER.—"My dear child, what are you crying so for?" "Oh, dear! My father has gone and lost me, and I know my mother will scold him so when he gets home!"

A VOLUNTEER, who had just returned from class-firing, told his wife that he had been very successful. "Wad ye believe it," he said; "aa hit the bull's eye ten times, yea after the uther." "Marcy on us!" shouted his wife, "an' is't a bull's heed ye shoot at?"

APROPOS.—Mrs. Phondyze (with subdued pride): This is my little Elsie; just three months old to-day! Mrs. Chatphast: Three months? Is she, really? Oh, well (encouragingly) when her hair grows and she gets some teeth, it will make all the difference in the world. But, talking of ugly babies, if you could see my cousin Dora's last you would think this one quite a beauty!

CHARITY VISITOR: But doesn't your husband do any work? Mrs. O'Crien: No, indeed, mum. You see, mum, its the example that himself is thinkin' of. He don't moind the worruk in itself, mum; but its the

example. Charity Visitor: The example? Mrs. O'Crien: Yes, mum. Himself do want to raise up his gurruls so they won't have to worruk, and he do fear that if he worruk himself, they'll be corrupted by the exanple, don't you see, mum?

AN LL.D.—Considerable amusement was created in a Scotch police-court when a sweep, while about to give evidence in a case of assault, was asked his name, and replied, "Dr. Thomas Macleod." "Doctor!" ejaculated the Sheriff; "doctor of what?" "I dinna ken," the begrimed individual answered, "but I'm what they ca' an LL.D.; and that, folks say, is muckle the same thing." "Well," asked the Court, scarcely able to maintain its gravity, "how did you acquire such a distinguished academical honour?" "Weel, sir, it was like this. A Yankee chiel that was agent for yin of the colleges in his ain country, cam' ta bide hereabout wi' his family for the summer. I soopit his three lums thrice, but deil a bawbee could I get oot o' him. Ae day I yokit sair at the cratur for the sillier, an' says he, 'Weel, Tammas, I'll make an LL.D. o' ye, an' that will pit us even.' I just took him at his offer, as there seemed tae be naething else for't. I've gotten my diplomay framed at hame, and I can tell ye, sir, a bonny picture it mak's."

THE THREE KINGDOMS.—An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were once admiring a pretty girl through the window of a pastry cook's shop. "Let's go in," said Pat, "and treat her to a glass of wine." "No," interjected John Bull; "let us go in and buy something." "Nothing o' the kind," added the canny native of Caledonia; "we'll just gang in and ask for change for half-a-croon."

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN QUEEN.

Miss Edwards, in a recent lecture on "Queen Hatasu and the Women of Ancient Egypt," said Queen Hatasu was the daughter of Thothmes I. of the Theban line. Very early in her childhood she married her oldest brother, Thothmes II. Such alliances were then common. She thus became possessed of the "double crown." After his death, in order to have retained this, she must have married her brother Thothmes III. This she refused to do, and, after the death of Thothmes III., she reigned alone and gloriously. In the monuments of Egypt she was always represented as a Pharaoh, and was referred to in documents as "Hatasu His Majesty." In some bas-relief she is represented as a man, with a beard tied on. She was one of the greatest builder sovereigns in Egypt. She erected on the west bank of the Nile a temple which has no parallel except in the temples of Chaldea. On its walls were bas-reliefs depicting the great event of her reign—the building and despatching of the first exploring squadron in the world.

THE LATEST LOVER OF BOOKS.

"Books, books! the only thing in life I find Not wholly vain;
Books in my hands, books in my heart enshrined,
Books on my brain.
They do not flatter, change, deny, deceive—
Ah, no—not they!
The same editions which one night you leave
You find next day."

So sings a modern poet only to awaken a responsive echo in every true book lover's heart. Books are true, faithful, unchangeable and kind, and the true lover of them makes as many sacrifices for his mistresses as ever did the most ardent of swains or of husbands for the queens of their hearts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUBURBAN SERVICE

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On Saturdays—*9.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m., *8.45 p.m. and 11.20 p.m.

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On Saturdays—*7.45 a.m., 8.50 a.m., 9.45 a.m., 6.03 p.m., *7.55 p.m. and 11.05 p.m.

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All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889